

# THE DIAL

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## CONTENTS.

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| DIAPHANOUS LITERATURE . . . . .   | 391  |
| THE CASE OF FICTION. <i>H. W. Boynton</i> . . . . .   | 393  |
| CASUAL COMMENT . . . . .  | 394  |
| A popular annual periodical.—The reference librarian's arduous task.—Pragmatism at Oxford.—The national note in literature.—The cosmopolitanism of our best authors.—"Born in the purple."—Conservatism and caution in spelling-reform.—The jargon of literary criticism.—The "Pseudonyms."—"The clown of the newspaper establishment."—A thirty years' epistolary friendship.  |      |
| COMMUNICATIONS . . . . .  | 396  |
| "Misquotations of Misquotations," <i>C. A. Jenkins</i> .—Improving the Language, <i>E. F. McPike</i> .—Story-telling in School and Library, <i>Georgene Faulkner</i> .—"The Tumbler of Our Lady," <i>Duffield &amp; Company</i> .—Whistler's Portrait of his Mother, <i>L. T. D.</i>  |      |
| THE PERSONALITY OF RICHARD WAGNER. <i>Louis James Block</i> . . . . .   | 398  |
| THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN ART. <i>Frederick W. Gookin</i> . . . . .   | 400  |
| MUSIC AND COMEDY IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ITALY. <i>F. B. R. Helms</i> . . . . .   | 401  |
| LATTER-DAY NOVELISTS OF FRANCE. <i>Roy Temple House</i> . . . . .   | 404  |
| HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS—I. . . . .   | 406  |
| Bacher's <i>With Whistler in Venice</i> .—Allen's <i>Evolution in Italian Art</i> .—Cundall's <i>History of British Water-Colour Painting</i> .—Preyer's <i>Art of the Netherland Galleries</i> .—Hind's <i>Short History of Engraving and Etching</i> .—Bumpus's <i>Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy</i> .—Little Books on Art.—Van Dyke's <i>Out-of-doors in the Holy Land</i> .—Hichens's <i>Egypt and its Monuments</i> .—Howells's <i>Roman Holidays and Others</i> .—Mrs. Wharton's <i>Motor-Flight through France</i> .—A. W. and Julian A. Dimock's <i>Florida Enchantments</i> .—Macgowan's <i>Sidelights on Chinese Life</i> .—Johnson's <i>Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast</i> .—Mrs. Elliott's <i>Sun and Shadow in Spain</i> .—Jones's <i>Shamrock-Land</i> .—Shelley's <i>Untrodden English Ways</i> .—Hulbert's <i>Niagara River</i> .—Thoreau's <i>Cape Cod</i> , illustrated by Clifton Johnson.—Aldrich's <i>Marjorie Daw</i> , illustrated by J. C. Clay.—Blackmore's <i>Lorna Doone</i> , "Dooneland" edition.—Poe's <i>Complete Poems</i> , "Centenary" edition.—Sterne's <i>Sentimental Journey</i> , illustrated by T. H. Robinson.—New volumes in the "Thumb-nail Series."—Miss Austen's <i>Mansfield Park</i> , illustrated by C. E. Brock.—Kunz and Stevenson's <i>Book of the Pearl</i> .—Latham's <i>Gardens Old and New</i> .—Osborne's <i>Historic Houses and their Gardens</i> .—The New Medieval Library.—Mrs. Waddington's <i>Château and Country Life in France</i> .—Gribble's <i>Rousseau and the Women he Loved</i> .—Kirkham's <i>In the Open</i> .—Miss Crawford's <i>St. Botolph's Town</i> .—Van Dyke's <i>Counsels by the Way</i> .—Barbour's <i>My Lady of the Fog</i> .—Lucas's <i>The Ladies' Pageant</i> .—Maeterlinck's <i>Pelleas and Mélisande</i> .—Mrs. Champney's <i>Romance of Roman Villas</i> .—Ybarra's <i>Davy Jones's Yarns</i> .—Miss Stewart's <i>Christmas Book</i> .—Robinson's <i>Call of the City</i> . |      |
| NOTES . . . . .   | 416  |
| TOPICS IN DECEMBER PERIODICALS . . . . .  | 416  |
| THE SEASON'S BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG . . . . .  | 417  |
| LIST OF NEW BOOKS . . . . .   | 422  |

## DIAPHANOUS LITERATURE.

An old protest, but one that cannot be voiced too often, is again made in a recent article by Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose powers of clear thinking and cogent reasoning have done so much, in so many directions, to keep our generation in the paths of sanity. Whatever Mr. Harrison's theme may be,—ethics, politics, philosophy, or æsthetics—he has a way of striking at its heart, or of penetrating as with shafts of clear sunshine the obscuring mists of verbiage or sentimentalism that have gathered around it. The text with which he now provides us is the following:

"It is too much the fashion of our day to require in poetry a subtle involution of thought, cryptic parables, the 'curious felicity'—or rather the laborious 'curiosity'—of precious phrase, such as may rival the ambiguity of a double acrostic in a lady's journal. There are some who will hardly count anything poetry unless it need many a re-reading to unravel its inner connotations. And for the sake of this subtlety, or rather as a hall-mark of this superfine 'mentality' as they call it in their jargon, they desiderate an uncouthness of diction, or at least a sputtering cacophony of strident discords, that would 'have made Quintilian stare and gasp.' For my part, I have no taste for conundrums rhymed or unrhymed. I will read no poetry that does not tell me a plain tale in honest words, with easy rhythm and pure music?

If this personal declaration were to become an accepted canon of appreciation on the part of intelligent readers in general, there would be a wholesome housecleaning of literary premises everywhere. Such a consummation would, no doubt, leave many a scribbler with his occupation gone, but it would make most wonderfully for strength and vitality in the world of letters.

Even in this twentieth century, we are still harvesting the aftermath of the romantic spirit, and with it many weeds of adventitious origin. Often, we do not get even the iridescent coloring of romanticism, for which it is easy to make allowance, but dull obscurity and the fuliginous darkening of counsel. Even those of the clearest powers of vision wfully hide their light, while their feeble imitators, who have no light to hide, don the concealing robes, and wear them with so impressive a pose that many are deluded into taking the wearers for prophets of authentic lineage. The trick of mystification is readily learned, and many a masquerader, vacuous of real intellectual substance, gets a fol-

lowing by adept practice of the arts of charlatan-ism. In a certain sense, such unquestionably great writers as Carlyle and Browning and Meredith are responsible for the straining and preciosity that infect so much of our current literary production. It is their example that gives vogue to so many of our word-mongers in prose and verse. These men need no mannerisms to buttress the solid structure of their thought, for without mannerisms they would be equally great and equally individual; but what is with them the accident is too often mistaken for the essence by their would-be copyists, and is found to be easily imitable. "Words without thoughts never to Heaven go," but it is too frequently the case that they may have a fairly successful life upon earth, and work much mischief before their force is spent.

With this mischief in the world of practical affairs we are not here concerned. The demagogue, the philosophaster, and the yellow journalist make it a-plenty, and the evil that they do lives after them, besides being patent in the present. It is to the mischief done in the domain of art, and particularly of literary art, that attention is now directed. From the use of words for the concealment of thought to their use for the concealment of its absence is an easy step, and one that seems to be taken by extraordinary numbers of writers at the present time. How else should the voracious printing-presses be fed with "copy," or the artless public get its intellectual breakfast-food? The appetite of the masses may, of course, be served with commonplace thoughts and sentiments garnished with the tissue-paper ornaments of commonplace rhetoric, and their case has thus been disposed of in all ages. But just above the level of the masses there is a stratum of readers who demand some touch of distinction in the product set before them. Fortunately, a sham distinction is sufficient for their needs, and they think brummagem quite as good as gold. These give to the pretentious writer, who has nothing to say but many ingenious ways of saying it, the opportunity for which he has been seeking, and he sets bravely out to win with his pen the plaudits that may be thus cheaply got.

Among his methods are the employment of tortuous constructions that have to be puzzled out, and bold ellipses that permit several guesses for each meaning. Sometimes he acquires a reputation for great subtlety of thought by the use of qualifying clauses, and puts so many of them into a sentence that when it is ended one wonders what it started out to say. Sometimes

he indulges in reckless figurative language that he may be credited with great powers of imagination. Still, again, he darkly hints that his writing is symbolical, and will reveal a precious inner significance to those who penetrate its verbal veil. This is a particularly fetching trick, because anybody can find symbols in anything by looking hard enough, so each investigator may feel sure that he has discovered the right ones, and admire his own acumen with all the *naïve* satisfaction of an intellectual Jack Horner. Finally, if all these devices fail to bring the writer a following, he may resort to paradox, for paradox, if only startling enough, is unfaillingly effective. Let him deny all self-evident propositions as a matter of principle, declare the wildest of absurdities to be the most obvious of truths, turn all current ideas topsy-turvy, posing throughout as the one normal thinker in a mad world, and he will soon enjoy a very pretty reputation as a philosopher. Examples of how the thing has been done will come to the mind of every reader of current fashionable literature.

The general case which we have been seeking to characterize was diagnosed long ago by Schopenhauer, whose words fit present-day conditions with singular accuracy. Mediocre writers are much the same in all times and countries.

"They say what they have to say in long sentences that wind about in a forced and unnatural way; they coin new words and write prolix periods which go round and round the thought and wrap it up in a sort of disguise. They tremble between the two separate aims of communicating what they want to say and of concealing it. Their object is to dress it up so that it may look learned or deep, in order to give people the impression that there is very much more in it than for the moment meets the eye."

We fancy that many a showy reputation of our own day would shrink noticeably, or crumble to pieces altogether, if subjected to the tests suggested by this incisive passage.

The kind of writing to which our attention has above been devoted is anything but diaphanous, and the title of our article is clearly a misnomer unless it may be justified by invoking the law of association by contrast. It came to us from Landor by way of Professor Ker, whose words upon the Icelandic sagas we wish now to quote.

"There is nothing equal to them anywhere for their power of recording life. To use the words of Landor about his own poems, they are not prismatic, but diaphanous; those who look into them can see through. One looks through into the tenth century, into the thirteenth, one sees men there, not as 'trees walking'; one hears their conversation, not muffled in a learned language (like so many good things in Giraldus Cambrensis and

Matthew Paris), not dressed up with rhetoric, not paraphrased or otherwise cooked, but their very words. It is true, and fortunately true, that good memoirs are common in all times and languages. But nowhere are things seen, and heard, so clearly as in the Icelandic stories."

Life was simple in the days of which those stories were told, and it is highly complex in ours. Probably it is impossible for us now to recover the magical simplicity of the sagaman's art, but it is surely not unprofitable to hark back to it, and to seek to learn something from its example.

### THE CASE OF FICTION.

It was only the other day that criticism began to take prose fiction seriously, but it has done its best to make up for lost time. The universities offer courses in the novel; grave doctors discourse of its origin and development. It is not strange that noteworthy discoveries have ensued with regard to its scope and function. Prose fiction is, we now learn, the one art or achievement upon which our material age may rightly plume itself. It is pretty well agreed that in other fields the last word had been said before the modern race of men came into being; the gift of prose narrative being our one natal gift. To be sure, there had been some sort of prose fiction before Richardson, before Boccaccio even; somebody once wrote a story of Ruth with a hand not far from masterly. But it is only our own age which could have produced an "Adam Bede" or a "Peau de Chagrin."

But there is a tendency to go even farther than this, to fancy that fiction is about to supersede certain older forms of literary art, such as narrative poetry and the drama; and, *mirabile dictu*, this not by virtue of a decadence of the general taste, but by fairly defeating them on their own ground. A recent writer begins his elaborate discussion of English prose fiction with this astonishing statement: "Shakespeare did not remark that it [Lyly's Euphues] marked the genesis of a new kind of literature which was destined to usurp the place of acted drama. . . . To find plots for his drama, Shakespeare ransacked the Italian novelists, without perceiving that Boccaccio and Bandello had invented a form of art capable of expressing all the passions of human nature not less successfully than the drama itself." Are we really ready to assent to this? Can we quite pit a Balzac against a Shakespeare? Is the novel as pure a medium for the higher imagination as the play? Is it, at all events, as pure a medium as the narrative poem, the true epic? Or do we lay that flattering unction to our souls because prose fiction is the tool to which our hand is now best fitted? — because above all, to the mass of us to-day the novel virtually is literature? No doubt immense progress has been made during the past century in the technical handling of this graphic literary mode; yet the relation of

prose fiction to other forms of literature has undergone no discoverable change: it is the attitude of the authorities that has changed. "It confers a certain dignity upon the study of fiction," says a recent critic, "to remember how universal is the appetite for fiction." Precisely: human beings have always been listening for the story; but we need not therefore discuss Hall Caine in terms of Shakespeare or of Homer. Prose fiction has not yet proved itself equal or comparable to poetic fiction. It is an unfortunate tendency of the day to confuse the boundaries of prose and poetry, to attribute to one the functions of the other. It may not have been a surprise to hear that sensitive enthusiast, Sidney Lanier, declaring that "in the novel we have the meeting, the reconciliation, the kiss, of science and poetry." But which way were we to look when so cool a critic as the late Sir Leslie Stephen asserted that "A novelist is on the border-line between poetry and prose, and novels should be, as it were, saturated with poetry"? The truth underlying the remark is clearly that the best fiction demands a high exercise of the imagination. But is it the same thing as the poetic imagination? To speak of a novel saturated with poetry is like speaking of water saturated with sunlight. The water seems to contain the light, but remains itself, and is at best a defective vehicle for that celestial visitant.

People did not hold these vague notions a few generations ago. If anybody ever wrote English prose which seemed to be saturated with poetry, it was DeQuincey. Certainly he himself discovered no promise of sublimity in the fiction of his day. "To be a reader," he wrote sixty years ago, "is no longer that honorary distinction which once it might have been amongst a more elevated, because more select, body of readers. . . . A writer of to-day, either in France or England, to be very popular must be a story-teller — which is a function of literature neither very noble in itself, nor, secondly, tending to permanence." A cavalier and old-fashioned way of disposing of the great modern art! But the kibe of the man of letters was then freshly galled by the advance of the popular story-teller. It is a favorite theory of a later observer, Mr. Andrew Lang, that Walter Scott's success really marked the beginning of the end of serious reading on the part of the general. At the height of Scott's first fame Carlyle had prophesied over him in a notable passage. "Literature," he cries, "has other aims than that of harmlessly amusing indolent men. . . . There is nothing to be sought or found in the Waverley Novels. Not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up or elevating, in any shape. The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkly-struggling heart no guidance: the Heroic that is in all men no divine awakening voice. We say, therefore, that they do not found themselves on deep interests, but on comparatively trivial ones; not on the perennial, perhaps not even on the lasting." This is doctrine sterner than many of us would subscribe to. We



seem to have found some of these things in Scott; we seem to find him as lasting, at least, as his censor. Yet we cannot defend him from the real charge — that he fails in the test of supreme greatness. He worked magic with that rushing pen, but the wizard of the North was after all only a wizard. There was no deep poetic faculty in him, and he remains in the end, to use Carlyle's pitiless phrase, the great Restaurateur. It may reasonably be contended that the writer of fiction who sticks to his last can hardly achieve greater success than this — to be a great Restaurateur. In the modern novel the genius of narrative often finds himself among strange bedfellows, exponents of political, religious, or social theory, who crowd him to the wall and well-nigh smother him in their discourse. But the divine awakening voice is not to be heard, for it is the voice of poetry, and a very different matter from the pleasant or busy voice of prose fiction. We may well remember that while the appetite for fiction has always been universal, the appetite for prose fiction is a creation of yesterday. And it can do us no harm to listen, now and again, to some such abrupt *dictum* as that which the late Churton Collins uttered, quite without apology: "Popular fiction moves in a sphere of its own. It has its own public and its own fortunes; with serious literature it has no influential connection."

H. W. BOYNTON.

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

A POPULAR ANNUAL PERIODICAL is the never-failing almanac, which makes its yearly appearance on the news-stands about this time, as a reminder that another twelvemonth has nearly fled and a new one is about to begin. The word "almanac" is of uncertain derivation, but probably from the Arabic. The thing it denotes is of great antiquity, the *fasti* of the old Romans being a crude sort of almanac, and the printed calendar as we now know it being almost as old as the art of printing. Taking advantage of the fascination of the inscrutable, almanac-makers early besprinkled the pages of their annual productions with all sorts of prognostications, not merely concerning the weather and the convulsions of nature, but also regarding occurrences of peculiar, local, and even personal interest. So mischievous, in fact, did these pretended prophecies prove themselves in France that as early as 1579 they were forbidden by royal decree. The pages of Italian almanacs are sprightly and amusing by reason of their interjectional comments on the weather. Turning to the date July 30, one may read, for example, "Sudano ancora le ossa!" (even the bones sweat); and exclamations abound like "Oh, what an insufferable heat!" "My birthright for a mantle of morning dew!" "The foul fiend take this stifling sirocco!" The first American almanac is said to have been published by William

Pierce of Cambridge in 1639, while the most famous one was undoubtedly "Poor Richard's Almanac," which Franklin began to issue in 1732 and continued for about twenty-five years. "The American Almanac," of about 1828-60, afterwards revived by the late Ainsworth R. Spofford for a number of years, is also familiar to those interested in such things. "The New England Almanac" (1775-1817) of Isaiah Thomas, the famous Boston printer, and "The Old Farmer's Almanac" of Robert B. Thomas (also a Boston printer), now in its 117th year, are likewise historic. The voluminous and miscellaneous instructive newspaper almanacs are to-day well-nigh numberless.

...

THE REFERENCE LIBRARIAN'S ARDUOUS TASK calls for more than scholarship and sympathy and tact and training; it demands powers of divination, of mind-reading, a Sherlock-Holmes keenness of observation and unerring shrewdness of inference. The applicant for aid from the reference librarian may not, and often does not know exactly what he wants; but that is no excuse for languid service on the librarian's part. He should know the applicant's mind better than does the applicant himself; he should skip nimbly and noiselessly hither and yon in cheerful quest of just the right books or pamphlets or maps or prints to meet the requirements of the case; and he should at last send the satisfied applicant away swelling with new knowledge and beaming with self-satisfaction. In a late number of the Indiana "Library Occurrent" is a short article on "Reference Work" from the pen of the Michigan City librarian, who thus presents the ideal to be aimed at by the person in charge of this work: "Upon finding out what the reader really wants, and that is a difficult and painstaking process at times, the librarian should be able to size up the information-seeker and know immediately whether he is a dictionary man or whether, perhaps, he might not be an encyclopedia man, and, what is still better and will bring joy to the heart of the usually discouraged librarian of a small library, he may be a real student and want everything to be had on the subject. In order to give the right book to the right man, the librarian must be perfectly familiar with the character of the material in the different books, and this means work." Yes, indeed — hard work; reading and remembering the contents of some five hundred volumes a day would make a man a very fair reference librarian by the time death overtook him at his task. But this is a world of remote approximations, and we have to be satisfied with less perfectly equipped reference librarians.

...

PRAGMATISM AT OXFORD appears to be shaking the philosophical structure of that University to its foundations. An Oxford graduate who is now pursuing philosophical studies at Harvard recently sounded a note of alarm in an able and interesting paper read at the opening meeting of Professor



Royce's Seminary. His essay, entitled "The Present State of Philosophical Study at Oxford," concluded with this significant paragraph: "In the summer of this year Professor James gave a course of lectures in Oxford. Those lectures were of a character to which Oxford is unaccustomed, and (this is the point) of a kind quite out of harmony with Oxford's traditional mode of philosophical teaching. Yet Professor James had the largest audience which Oxford has probably ever seen at a philosophical lecture. It was a singular event; and many wondered whether it marked the beginning of a new era, and, if so, how much of the old way, so highly valued and so long cherished, would be likely before long to remain . . . For myself, I feel that, as far as Oxford and her purpose are concerned, there never can be any way better than the one so long in use, which I believe will survive all present unrest and dissatisfaction." This is not the place to discuss the merits of rival philosophies, but even the most cursory backward glance at the germination, growth, and decay of system after system of philosophical belief ought to inspire a reasonable certainty that the universe can withstand the strain of yet another change in this respect. That gasping sense of dismay which inevitably accompanies the wrenching away of old props and buttresses is indescribably awful, to be sure, but one nearly always recovers breath a little later.

THE NATIONAL NOTE IN LITERATURE may be a grand and a stirring note, but it is not the note of strongest and most universal appeal. Mr. Bliss Perry, in his address the other day at the seventy-first anniversary of the founding of Mt. Holyoke Seminary (now Mt. Holyoke College), deplored the absence of this national note in our literature as if it were the one desideratum required to make that literature truly great. Speaking particularly of poetry, he said: "The body of tolerably acceptable contemporary verse is enormous. It shows a wide range of thought and a commendable technique. In one department, at least, it has manifested a notable progress during the past five years, namely, in the poetic drama. Yet how rarely in the mass of lyric verse does one catch the national note! More sonnets are written about John Keats than about the United States of America." The greatest poets, however, and prose writers too, have addressed themselves to no nation, but to all mankind. It is love rather than patriotism that takes up the harp of life and smites on all the chords with might. The national note in literature is too often the provincial note, and seldom gives the highest pleasure except as touched involuntarily and unconsciously, and when heard as the undertone to themes of perennial and universal significance.

THE COSMOPOLITANISM OF OUR BEST AUTHORS cannot be disputed. They strike, not the national note, but the international, or even the interplanetary. In a published interview with Mr. W. J. Locke, the English novelist now visiting our shores, he is reported as exclaiming, when Mr. Howells, Mr.

Henry James, and Mark Twain were mentioned as of our country: "What, are they Americans? You really bring me up with a jerk when you claim these writers as Americans. Howells is a household word with us in England. As for Mark Twain, he is not American, surely; he belongs to the whole Anglo-Saxon race. I remember when I was a boy of fourteen I had learned his story of 'The Jumping Frog' by heart. Every Englishman knows him, and we consider that he belongs to us quite as much as to you. And then, as you say, there is Henry James; after all, is he not literally quite as much an Englishman as he is an American? He lives in England . . . and he stands very highly with us, especially in his earlier novels, which are decidedly and deservedly popular." Years ago it used to be scornfully asked in England, Who ever reads an American book? Now it might rather be asked, Who ever fails to read a good American book, or in reading it stops to think of its being American?

"BORN IN THE PURPLE" is a fine phrase and a coveted attribute of one's origin. But by no stress of retroactive exertion, by no utmost zeal in pedigree-chasing, has it hitherto seemed possible to make oneself of purple birth when that birth was just common green or gray or straw-color or drab. Now, however, all that is changed, and if the benevolent scheme of certain gentlemen at present consulting together in London is carried out, any American (or almost any American) with a certain modest sum in his pocket will be able to throw a purple glow about his cradle and to feel himself forever after a scion of chiefs and monarchs. In other words, an American "Almanach de Gotha" is under contemplation, to be called "American Purple," and to contain the names of all those whose pride of birth, when properly touched, will respond—to the tune of \$7.50 (which entitles the proud one to a free copy of the book, post-paid). What impertinent rhymester shall ever again dare say of our purple-born:

"A bridge across a hundred years,  
Without a prop to save it from sneers—  
Not even a couple of rotten peers—  
A thing for laughter, flairs, and jeers,  
Is American aristocracy."

CONSERVATISM AND CAUTION IN SPELLING-REFORM appears to be the watchword of the recently organized band of orthography-menders in England. They have established dignified and appropriate headquarters across the street from the British Museum, and have as their president no less a light in linguistics than Professor Skeat, and as secretary Mr. William Archer. "What is needed, and what we plan to arrange," this latter official is reported as saying on a recent occasion, "is an international commission of experts to consider the situation and report on it. After receiving their report we shall be in a position to draw up a plan of campaign, and the English-speaking world will decide for itself

whether this movement, now only tentative, is a good and useful one. If it prove, as we believe it will, a boon and a blessing not only to children but to the whole community, it will gradually 'catch on' and oust the old unreason. It will be, in fact, a case of the survival of the fittest." There is good sense in that. *Festina lente* is the best of mottoes for spelling-reform associations, and our cousins across the water, refusing to be stampeded in this matter by anyone in high civil station, have evidently adopted it.

THE JARGON OF LITERARY CRITICISM, like every other system of nomenclature, tends to become, through much use, worn and slippery and vague. Terms not originally synonymous are interchanged, and thus precision and clearness are always demanding the coining of new words or the borrowing and adaptation of words from other fields of learning. As an example of the manner in which a term may degenerate from the sharply specific into the vaguely general, let us quote from a review of "Diana Mallory" in a leading London literary weekly. "At the risk of being thought meticulous," says the reviewer, "we may be allowed to express surprise that so accurate a writer as Mrs. Ward should have gone out of her way to say that Sir James Chide was as 'innocent of books as Lord Palmerston.'" Surely, if the word meticulous (from Latin *metus*, fear; hence, fearful, timid) has so lost all definiteness that it can be used instead of pedantic or over-particular, it is time it were thrown back into the melting-pot and its place taken by a bright, new, freshly minted, and clearly stamped piece of verbal coinage.

THE "PSEUDONYMS" are a quiet little society of English librarians that may in a sense be likened to our own "Bibliosmiles," a little conclave of choice and congenial souls gathered by mutual attraction out of the ranks of American library workers. The "Pseudonyms" appear to be as little fettered by constitution and by-laws as are the "Bibliosmiles." They meet semi-occasionally in an informal way and discuss, informally, subjects of literary and library interest, or any topic whatever that happens to provoke discussion. Each member is at perfect liberty to air his views freely, and if opinions clash, so much the better. The society is described by current report as a secret society, meeting and dining in Soho, but not suspected of cherishing any treasonable, nihilistic, or anarchistic designs. So heartily enjoyable are its "evenings at home" that an invitation to one of them is prized by the lucky outsider.

"THE CLOWN OF THE NEWSPAPER ESTABLISHMENT," as the Boston "Herald" fittingly denominates the motley-clad comic supplement to the Sunday issue, has been discontinued by that leading New England journal; and it is to be hoped that its lead will have a numerous following. Public protest is not ineffectual in such matters; and as soon as the makers of Sunday newspapers are con-

vinced that the people are weary of this particular form of ugliness and innamy, they will vie with one another in their promptness to suppress it. We heartily agree with the "Herald" when it says that "comic supplements have ceased to be comic. They have become as vulgar in design as they are tawdry in color. There is no longer any semblance of art in them, and if there are any ideals they are low and descending lower." In the not too distant future it is to be hoped that the art of illustrating in color will become truly a fine art, and that the possessor of even a nickel may purchase some of its benefits; but until then, let the Sunday newspaper put its paint-pot away and resume the sober garb of an earlier, more self-respecting age.

A THIRTY YEARS' EPISTOLARY FRIENDSHIP, if one may so name it, was maintained between the late Charles Eliot Norton and Leslie Stephen. The two could have seen little of each other, and must rarely have had the pleasure of clasping each other's hands; for they were home-loving men, and they lived three thousand miles apart. But their correspondence was regular and frequent, and Stephen's last days are said to have been especially cheered by those welcome letters from Cambridge. As Mr. Sidney Lee has taken timely occasion to point out, there are but few examples in literary annals of so warm a friendship kept alive so long by the interchange of letters. The loveliness of Norton's nature receives no better testimony than Lowell's affectionate letters to him from abroad. Studied and self-conscious in too much of his published correspondence, the poet of Elmwood could let himself go in writing to his "Ciarli"—as he liked to spell the name, in Italianized form. The letters, too, that he wrote to Stephen are among his best. Will the world ever see such another Charley and James and Leslie?

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### "MISCORRECTIONS OF MISQUOTATIONS."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Reference is made, in the issue of THE DIAL for November 1, in a paragraph on "Miscorrections of Misquotations," to an apparent misquotation from Fitz-Gerald's *Rubaiyat* of Omar. The line which is questioned is,

"Ah, take the cash in hand, and waive the rest,"

on which you comment: "If this last is a variant reading of the third line of Fitz-Gerald's thirteenth quatrain, it is certainly an unfamiliar one." It is a variant reading. The first edition, published in 1859, which remained long obscure, contained seventy-five quatrains, the twelfth of which reads:

"How sweet is mortal Sovranly!"—think some:

Others—"How blest the Paradise to come!"

Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest;

Oh, the brave Music of a distant Drum!"

The fourth and so-called standard edition was issued in 1879, and differs widely from the first, as also from the second, the latter containing one hundred and ten

quatrains. The third line of the thirteenth quatrain here reads:

"Ah, take the Cash, and let the Promise go."

The word "Promise" in this line was subsequently changed to "Credit." The third and fourth editions differ in a few particulars. The writer cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that the first edition still excels in forcefulness and rugged beauty.

CHARLES A. JENKINS.

East Cleveland, Ohio, November 19, 1908.

### IMPROVING THE LANGUAGE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Much has been said for and against the neutral language Esperanto. It has gained thousands of adherents, but its closest students have realized that some vital improvement was necessary before it would answer the requirements of science and of commerce in their international relations. Such an improvement, carefully made on the principle of maximum internationality, is now a candidate for public favor. The simplified Esperanto, called "Ido," is now in practical use, and boasts of two or three magazines in Europe. A few words selected at random will serve to show the superiority of "Ido" over the old Esperanto.

| Old Esperanto. | English.     | "Ido."     |
|----------------|--------------|------------|
| kulpigi        | to accuse    | akuzar     |
| almiliti       | to conquer   | konquestar |
| shancelighi    | to hesitate  | hezitar    |
| scii           | to know      | savar      |
| shati          | to prize     | prizar     |
| elparoli       | to pronounce | pronuncar  |
| shajni         | to seem      | semblar    |
| demandi        | to question  | questionar |
| tagnoktegaloco | equinox      | equinoxo   |

E. F. McPIKE.

Chicago, November 23, 1908.

[These examples certainly seem to make good our correspondent's claim as to the superiority of "Ido" over the "old Esperanto." For ourselves, while not wishing shajni scii much about the matter, or kulpigi anyone of rash innovations, we see no reason shancelighi elparoli in favor of "Ido." A few more "vital improvements" like these might make it almost as good as English. — EDR. THE DIAL.]

### STORY-TELLING IN SCHOOL AND LIBRARY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Mr. Dana's argument for story-telling in the schools, as quoted in the comment on "The Children's Story-Hour at the Public Library," in THE DIAL of November 16, seems to me most convincing. We do need story-telling in our schoolrooms, and many teachers, feeling this need, are systematically studying the subject under professional story-tellers.

But why need the "Story-Hour" in either school-room or library be limited to "40 children"? We have in many school buildings large assembly halls seating 500 to 600 children. We also have large assembly rooms in many of the Chicago Library substations in the "field houses" of the small parks.

Many children clamor for the story-hour. If out of a large number forty or fifty children select books and follow a suggested course of reading, well and good;

but a large number besides will have felt the influence of the well-told tale, even though they may not at that time come in closer contact with the book.

Occasionally, however, we need the "Story-Hour" in the library itself, to draw the children into the library building, into the presence of the books and the atmosphere of book-love. There should be, too, a closer correlation between the stories told in the library and in the school, and the lessons which the child is studying. Whenever possible, the librarian should visit the school-room and tell an occasional story. On the other hand, the teacher should visit the library and cooperate in the story-telling work there. There should be no division of interest; the object of both teacher and librarian is to bring the child and the book nearer together. This can be done through the "Story-Hour" held both in the library and in the schoolroom.

GEORGE FAULKNER.

Chicago, November 24, 1908.

### "THE TUMBLER OF OUR LADY."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Our attention has been called to a communication in a recent issue of THE DIAL, in which it is stated that "The Tumbler of Our Lady," in the "New Medieval Library" published by us, is not now first translated from the Middle French as our advertisements claimed.

We regret to perceive that the wording of our paragraph was not more definite. The old manuscript, which contains our particular version of "The Tumbler of Our Lady" and the remaining Miracles in our volume, is now first translated in its entirety. Several versions of the translated "Tumbler" we believe exist, though we do not know whether Mr. Wicksteed or others translated from the same manuscript as did Mrs. Kemp Welsh. Certainly they did translate that particular story long before she produced her version of the entire manuscript.

DUFFIELD & COMPANY.

New York, November 18, 1908.

### WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the interesting review of Mr. Pythian's "Fifty Years of Modern Painting," in THE DIAL of November 16, it is stated that Whistler's portrait of his mother hangs in the Louvre, and is considered by the French "one of the gems of the collection."

In 1906 this painting was hanging in the room of the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris devoted to foreign painters, along with Sargent's "Carmencita" and Melcher's "Young Mother."

The 1904 edition of "Baedeker's Paris," which I have at hand, on page 311 speaks of the Whistler painting as being in the room referred to in the Luxembourg Gallery, and states that it was bought by the gallery for 4000 fr. (a ridiculous sum as compared with values to-day, if correct).

It is possible, of course, that the painting has since been transferred to the Louvre.

L. D. T.

Philadelphia, November 20, 1908.

[Mr. Pennell's new life of Whistler speaks of the picture as still being in the Luxembourg; and this, we suppose, must be regarded as authoritative. — EDR. THE DIAL.]



### The New Books.

#### THE PERSONALITY OF RICHARD WAGNER.\*

It would seem that the earthly advent of the Great Man, who is to be predominant in his sphere and exercise a transforming and elevating influence upon his age, should be accompanied by signs and portents, significant and assuring to the expectant generation. We ought to know him in his infancy, watch with protecting care over his growth and development, save him from the disasters implicated in his unique temperament, and accept reverently his mature work and message, however destructive of things long established and subversive of our choicest prejudices.

Such, unhappily, is not the case. Unheralded, unproclaimed, he generally appears in some obscure corner of the earth in circumstances but little auspicious to the fulfilment of a great destiny. He struggles with needless difficulty toward a recognition of the part he is to play on the world's stage, and when that consciousness arrives he finds himself worse off than before. Conservatism and conventionality bring against him all their deadening and deadly weapons. The hatred of the foolish and the ignorant wounds him even while he despises it. An atmosphere of chilling misunderstanding surrounds him. He waits for the hour of real appreciation; and its arrival means a further questioning of his serious purposes and a pompous criticism of his intentions which rarely touches the nerve and heart of his life and labors.

Moreover, his very nature and endowment incapacitate him for meeting successfully the difficulties of ordinary daily life in which his compeers of the average manhood play so competent a part. He belongs in a region apparently superimposed upon the visible and tangible experiences of earth; there he is at home, and has intuitive understanding of its structure and employments; here he fails in comprehension of trifling things, and loses his temper at obstacles and incongruities. Fortunate is such a man if he finds some kindly intermediary who, appreciative of the higher realms of art and poetry and philosophy, yet has an effective grasp of material things and the power to give the new revelation a place and meaning in the world.

Such an intermediary Richard Wagner found

\* PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF RICHARD WAGNER. By Angelo Neumann. Translated from the Fourth German Edition, by Edith Livermore. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

in Angelo Neumann; and no member of the *genus irritabile* ever had one more devoted or more capable. Neumann was born in Vienna in 1838. He was an accomplished singer, who began his career in the Opera at Cracow, and in process of time became a leading tenor in his native city at the Imperial Theatre. He was called in 1876 to Leipsic, by Dr. August Förster, Manager of the Leipsic Theatre, and was made Director of the Opera there. He established a company noteworthy throughout Germany, played remarkable engagements in Berlin and London, and founded in 1882 the Richard Wagner Theatre—a travelling association of artists who gave performances of the music dramas of the master in the leading cities of Germany, Belgium, Italy, and Russia; and later he was Director in Bremen and in Prague. The Wagner Opera owes Neumann an immense debt of recognition and gratitude.

In Neumann's "Personal Recollections of Richard Wagner," now offered to American readers in an English translation, the author's first study of Wagner's works is presented as follows:

"It was the celebrated singing teacher of those days, Therese Stilke-Sassi, of Vienna, who gave me my first introduction to the genius of Richard Wagner and fired me with an early enthusiasm for his new and wonderful style. This remarkable woman was training me for the stage, and taught me among other things the part of Wolfram von Eschenbach in *Tannhauser*.

"I mention this particularly as in those days—the early forties\*—it was rare indeed to find a singer with this role in his repertory, and managers then found it most difficult to cast the important part. Being young and impressionable—a boy of nineteen—I soon became an ardent disciple of the Master."

This enthusiasm grew with the passage of the years. In 1862, when Neumann became a member of the Royal Opera Company in Vienna, Wagner began his own career in that city. He was endeavoring to produce his "*Tristan*," which after forty-seven rehearsals was pronounced wholly impossible. He was giving great concerts in which he tried to interest the public in his new and extraordinary music. Later, Neumann was in the Royal Opera Company when Wagner conducted his rehearsals for "*Lohengrin*" and "*Tannhauser*." Of these rehearsals, our author says:

"I was especially interested, as I then contemplated taking the superintendence of a theatre myself. What an inspiring director he was! How he understood the art of spurring on his men, of getting his best work out of each one of them, of making each gesture, each expression, tell! These rehearsals convinced me that

\* This seems inaccurate. Neumann was born in 1838. He would be nineteen in 1857.

Richard Wagner was not only the greatest dramatist of all time, but also the greatest of managers and a marvellous character actor as well. Now at the end of these long thirty years I can still distinctly recall certain incidents of his wonderful mimetic powers."

On August 18, 1876, the first performance of the "Nibelungen Ring" occurred at Bayreuth. Neumann was then Director of the Leipsic Theatre. Dr. Förster, the manager of this theatre, returned from the first presentation of the Cycle with the strong conviction that the work was not deserving of repetition. He dissuaded Neumann from going to Bayreuth to attend a second performance of the Cycle. A friend from Vienna—Julius Nilius—had returned with Förster from Bayreuth, and after the theatre the three went to a restaurant for supper.

"There the conversation naturally turned on the 'Ring.' When I admitted that I'd given up going on the strength of Förster's account, Nilius exclaimed, 'I want to tell you something, my dear fellow. Of course I can't judge whether or not the staging is possible, but of one thing I'm quite sure; and that is, that in your capacity as director of the opera in Leipsic, it's nothing short of your duty to see this performance, no matter what it conflicts with.' As he said this, he drew from his pocket a ticket for the second cycle and handed it to me."

The visit bore its expected fruit, for two years thereafter, in spite of tedious waits and delays, disheartening obstacles, and serious discouragements, Neumann produced the "Nibelungen Ring" at Leipsic with great success. On this occasion Liszt came over from Weimar, and telegraphed to Wagner, "Neumann has managed the affair in *some* respects even better than you did at Bayreuth."

After Leipsic, Neumann proceeded to the other and larger successes. He was emboldened to undertake greater tasks and win more important victories. Berlin allured him. The obstacles were manifold; officialdom had to be met and appeased; but the "Ring" was triumphantly put on the stage, and met the reception it deserved. Then came futile attempts to present the Wagner Opera in Paris; then the London triumph; finally the organization of the Wagner Theater. This was a travelling company of the great singers of Germany, who visited the leading cities of the Fatherland, and played the Music Dramas before thronged and enthusiastic audiences. All the noble artists were at one time or another under Neumann's direction. Nieman, Scaria, Unger, Vogel, Lieban, Amalia, Materna, Hedwig, Reicher-Kinderman, Therese Vogel, Rosa Sucher, Marie Wilt, sang for him; Sucher, Seidl, Mottl, Nikisch, conducted for him.

He went about spreading the great new gospel, doing for the master what a disciple so devoted and so ardent alone could do—making the world know how priceless a possession had again been placed in its keeping.

The portrait given in these Recollections of the Master, as Wagner was now generally called, is a full-length and appreciative representation. Wagner had now reached the recognition that placed him among the foremost men of his age. He was regarded as one of the great dramatists, and the first of musicians since Beethoven. Mr. Neumann shows everywhere the deepest admiration and reverence for him; monarchs, statesmen, composers, *litterateurs*, vied with each other in honoring and lauding him.

Wagner was the most insistent of men in various ways, but he showed the warmest esteem for those who labored in his behalf. Neumann relates the following occurrence at the presentation of "Siegfried" in Berlin:

"The Master had recommended his Bayreuth singer, Schlosser, for the part of Mime, but I had decided to give the role to Julius Lieban, an ideal Mime and a member of our Leipsic cast. At the close of the first act, Wagner, who had never seen the young singer before, could hardly contain himself. With his characteristic dash he flew on the stage, and stormed up the steps, passing Lieban, whom he did not recognize, in his hurry. The singer himself, young and inexperienced, was hurrying down the stairs, anxious to hear the Master's verdict. As he passed him by, I called to Wagner, 'Master, that is our Lieban,' but not recognizing the name, he hurried on, still looking for the artist; till I finally cried, 'Master, that is our Mime!' Then he stopped suddenly, wheeled, and rushed at Lieban, who stood there, trembling at the thought of meeting Wagner. The Master threw his arms about him in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, and when he exclaimed, 'You did that wonderfully—it was simply matchless!' the young fellow fairly cried for joy, and kissed his hand in reverence and gratitude."

The relations between Neumann and Wagner, though sometimes strained, recovered from every misunderstanding and closed with the profound friendship that was the result of a long and serious association. Neumann persistently besought the Master to give him permission to produce "Parsifal" outside of Bayreuth. In an important letter Wagner writes:

"'Parsifal'—once and for all—belongs exclusively to my Bayreuth theatre, and it is at our yearly festivals that this work is to be presented. The segregation is due to the lofty character of the work itself. My creation of 'Parsifal' shall stand or fall with Bayreuth. At least this shall be the case until my death; for who then will carry out my intentions is still a problem to me. In case my powers, which are put to such unspeakable tests by these performances, should be exhausted before my life, and I should no longer be able to attend to the details, I should have to think of some other

plan for carrying out the traditions of my work. If by that time your Wagner Opera Company has reached that perfect plane towards which you are constantly advancing with my other works, I might then find it feasible to turn over to you my 'Parsifal' for certain festival performances at stated occasions; and it is only to you, and on these terms, that I shall ever consign my 'Parsifal.'"

Mr. Neumann's book is written in an agreeable and intimate style; it has more interest than the novels of the day; it tells a moving and heroic story; it abounds in characteristic anecdotes and incidents; it places the master and his immediate *entourage* before us in clear light; it brings us into close intimacy with the great people and great artists of the place and period. The translator, Miss Edith Livermore, has done her work well. The publishers have made a fine and presentable book. It contains a number of portraits and a facsimile letter of Wagner's, received by Neumann after the master's death in Venice. There is a copious and satisfactory index.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

#### THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN ART.\*

Julius Meier-Graefe's elaborate study of "The Development of Modern Art" is laid before English-speaking readers in two stout quarto volumes, finely printed, and embellished with a large number of full-page illustrations, mostly half-tones of excellent quality. These plates call for more than casual mention, not only because they contribute much to the attractiveness of the volumes, but because they form an unusually representative collection covering the entire period dealt with in the book. In selecting the paintings, drawings, and sculptures for reproduction, pains have been taken to choose works displaying the salient characteristics of the artists' styles. Therefore they really illustrate. Without their aid the book would not be as readable as it is, nor would the opinions expressed be as intelligible.

The author calls the book "a contribution to a new system of aesthetics." Nowhere, however, in all the six hundred and fifty closely packed pages is there any attempt to formulate such a system. The nearest approach to it is in the following passage:

"The one point which I trust this book will make clear is the necessity for clearer views upon an organic system of aesthetics, an organic culture from which we

\* MODERN ART: Being a contribution to a New System of Aesthetics. By Julius Meier-Graefe. Translated from the German by Florence Simmonds and George W. Chrystal. In two volumes, illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

are worlds removed, and of which we have not the slightest inkling. I hope to show that certain things belong not to culture, but to life, that these things are necessary to the expression of intellectual needs, and are to be accepted even more unquestioningly than the convention that we shall not eat with our knives or introduce ladies to gentlemen. Culture is the due completion of our consciousness with everything necessary to the comprehension and furtherance of the claims of the present. Of a hundred important artists born within so many years, a certain number are indispensable, not because they produce this or that effect upon the mind, but because they affect their age and because they are symbolical of ourselves, and to know them is to have a true knowledge of our own life, to possess a means of resistance to that pessimism which can see nothing good in our own time, and a valuable weapon against the wild optimism which declines to see what is bad in it."

This extract is quoted at length because it well sets forth the author's major premise and at the same time affords a glimpse of his forcible and often piquant style. As reflected in what is apparently an excellent translation, this style is sometimes lucid and at other times a mixture of clever epigram and verbosity in which the leading thought is not readily disentangled from a wealth of illustrative imagery that obscures it. One may not always agree with what is said; indeed, most readers are likely to find themselves alternately assenting to and differing from the views expressed. But always there is entertainment and mental stimulus. This is especially true of the brilliant opening chapter. In one significant paragraph, "the great error that retards our artistic culture" is so pertinently stated that it is impossible to refrain from a further quotation.

"In these days, the pure work of art has been brought into immediate contact with every-day life; an attempt has been made to transform it utterly, to make it the medium of the æsthetic aspirations of the house, whereas this function belongs properly to the house itself and the utilitarian objects in it. We have tried to popularize the highest expression of art, something only significant when applied to the loftiest purposes, something, the enjoyment of which without a certain solemnity is inconceivable, or, at least, only to be attained in moments of peculiar detachment. We have succeeded merely in vulgarizing it."

In the dominance of planes over lines, Mr. Meier-Graefe sees the quality that most markedly differentiates modern art from that which preceded it. He therefore begins his survey with Rubens and Rembrandt, who, he says, with the Venetians and Velasquez, were the heroes of the victorious struggle in which the new manner supplanted the old. The idea that in the contemplation of modern paintings the soul receives a sense of enlargement and enrichment beyond the power of line to communicate, runs through the author's lengthy examination



of the position and achievements of the notable European artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. With this there is constantly associated the idea of continuous growth and development from one artist to another.

That the progress of art has been along what may be called evolutionary channels cannot be gainsaid. Nevertheless, the æsthetic base upon which all art rests remains unchanged. The weak point in Mr. Meier-Graefe's philosophy is the undue exaltation of a single aspect of truth. To this he might, and doubtless would, retort that upon the question of what is and is not æsthetic, opinions differ. Even so; but in the last analysis it is neither line nor plane that counts, it is something beyond and above either — the creative power that brings all the elements in a composition into harmonic relation. This, if Mr. Meier-Graefe perceives, he does not assert. Of his verdicts upon individual artists it may be said in brief, since it is impossible here to traverse the long chronicle with him, that they are always interesting. We are not, however, yet far enough removed from the nineteenth century to pass final judgment.

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

#### MUSIC AND COMEDY IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ITALY.\*

If there were a neater rendering of the facile Italian phrase, *istruir diletando*, than "to instruct while charming," I should like to borrow it for use in connection with an incredible sort of book. Twenty-seven years ago there appeared in England a large volume bearing the title "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy," by Vernon Lee. Even conservative critics found therein freshness and novelty, with much interesting and diverting information; while from some it evoked such tributes as "the unsurpassed *verve* of this brilliant writer," and in Italy it became a sort of text-book. It turned out to be the work of a brilliant young Englishwoman, Miss Violet Paget, whose pen-name of Vernon Lee has since become well known to the English-reading world. She was but twenty years of age when this remarkable book was written — an unquestioned fact not quite easy to believe even yet. Now that the work appears in a new and handsome edition bearing the imprint of an American publisher,

\*STUDIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN ITALY. By Vernon Lee. New edition, enlarged, with new Preface and forty-one full-page illustrations. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

considerations of its vivid portrayal of Italian life of the period, with the scarcity of good books in English relating to it, may justify the attempt to weigh once more what this youthful critic and historian had to offer. The reviewer's general conclusion is pretty clearly indicated by the opening sentence above; and his chief fear is that any sober attempt to map out the important currents of the volume may obscure the fact that it is above all else interesting, readable, charming.

Literary and musical studies in eighteenth-century Italy do not exact any particular knowledge of the political history of the peninsula. To my juvenile complaint that the history of Italy during that period was unattractive, a wise friend replied: "Remember the treaty of Rastadt in March, 1714, which left to Charles VI. of Austria, as his share of the Spanish inheritance, Milan, Mantua, Naples, and Sardinia; the transfers of Naples and Sicily to Don Carlos in the early thirties; the comparative quiet of the papal domain, the Venetian territory, and most of the minor states. Then forget the years until the coming of the French in 1796." This invasion was the beginning of the storm, from which in the far future the new Italy was to emerge, — the nineteenth-century Italy, with its divine aspirations, its bitter protracted struggles and glorious self-realization. The eighteenth century was essentially a time of recovery from the blighting influences of the wretched Spanish *régime*. To the actual making of history, Italy contributed practically nothing. In the writing of history, however, she numbered many honorable names, as she did also in philosophy and jurisprudence. In general literature there was considerable activity; and one recalls a few names of real distinction. In tragedy we all remember Alfieri, even if we forget Maffei Martelli and Antonio Conti. But in music, lyric drama, and comedy, she was making magnificent contributions, which must be understood if we are to grasp the subsequent history of these activities in Europe. This was perceived in some unexplained way by the youthful mind of Vernon Lee, and the volume before us deals primarily with music and comedy, and all the background of persons and places that they imply.

The musical life of our period is not easily summarized; indeed, it defies hurried treatment of any sort. You must linger at services in metropolitan cathedrals, where saints and angels are made to sing like heroes and heroines of opera, or in humbler provincial churches, where

you will realize that many years have passed since Palestrina's day. You must loiter down village streets of an evening, in the golden Italian summer time, the mind vagrant as the wandering musicians themselves, the heart free from care, and take your place among the people listening to the *burletta*, lightly rendered by strolling players. In the very streets there is music of serenaders, or larking shop-boys or what not; and on the morrow you may hear boatman or peasant singing at his work. If you are fortunate you may be bidden to a *dilettante* concert at some cultured hospitable home. You must visit at least one of the famous charity music schools for boys at Naples, or for girls at Venice, where you will hear performances unsurpassed by the contemporary Parisian stage. Finally, when the late autumn has come, you must betake yourself to the opera house in one of the great musical centres and hear the ambitious lyric drama, the *opera seria*. The music will interest you much; the players and singers, more; the audience, perhaps, most. At first you will be indignant at these beaux and fine ladies playing cards in the boxes or chatting capriciously; at these men in the pit comparing sonnets or epigrams. And why do the authorities allow such a nondescript disorderly mob in the gallery? But a fine number comes and then you understand. The individuals of this audience, patrician and plebeian alike, love music and know music. When they are not paying attention, it is because attention is not deserved; when they applaud, it is not because of the fame of composer or singer, but because there is something that charms their ears. Then you will agree with our author that art demands, not volitional attention, but instinctive appreciation. And perhaps, after all these varied experiences, you will realize that these eighteenth century Italians lived music, as it were, and that the serious opera is only a deeper breath of a general life.

The word *opera* carries us back to the seventeenth century, which saw the welding of melody, recitativo, mimetic, and mechanical show into the musical drama that these melomaniac southerners called *the work*. This was the heritage that Apostolo Zeno and his successor, Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782) elaborated and brought to perfection. Roughly speaking, they used the much-berated recitativo for the action of the play, and melody for what may be called the stationary parts: "the lyrical similes, the solitary outpourings," and similar features. The appearance of Metastasio's "*Didone Abbandonata*" in 1723 "offered a musical perfection, an

elegance of variety of blank verse and rhyme, such as had not hitherto been known." Between 1733 and 1740 he produced his masterpieces. Herein the recitativo, as primarily the poet's work, was helped by the subordination of the musician, while the air was recognized as the latter's realm, wherein the poet most glorified himself by giving all possible scope to the composer and vocalist. Throughout the greater plays, the emotional situation was developed with a finished skill that moved rapidly to its goal, while showing with adequate clearness each significant step. It is perhaps unwise to say that this type of lyric drama was not capable of greater achievement; but at any rate subsequent generations quickly left the *melodramma* for the opera with which we are now familiar. It is easy to see how the development of rhythm, accompaniment, and concertation, of harmonic and orchestral elaboration, led to the nineteenth century opera,—"a symphony of voices and instruments accompanying, more or less closely, a dramatic action." But along this path, with Gluck and Mozart, we may not wander.

By these German names we are reminded of the controversy as to the relative value of the contributions of Italy and Germany during the period under treatment, a question to which Miss Paget returns with great vigor in her new preface. She points out the priority of the Italians in melody, more particularly; and dwells on the tremendous importance of all their "pioneering" work. The preponderant influence of Scarlatti on the sequent generations of musicians in both countries, can hardly be questioned; and our author indicates the relations in a striking figure. Roughly speaking the Italian and German composers throughout the eighteenth century formed a brotherhood; "but a brotherhood as of Jacob and Esau. Italian Esau, a mighty hunter (in Sir Hubert Parry's text 'pioneer'), but impulsive and lazy, selling his birthright for the pottage of vocal virtuosity and general slipshod facility; German Jacob getting the blessing meant for his elder, and putting it to profit under the personal guidance of the god of Thoroughness," and so forth. But we may surely appreciate the work of the Italian Esau without belittling the services of the German Jacob. Comparison is without profit only when it seeks to lower one nation or person in order that another may be exalted; and the student who has no aim save historical accuracy will gladly recognize that the eighteenth century *maestro* and the contemporary *Kapellmeister* were alike serving Apollo and

the Muses for the ultimate weal of the art they cherished.

In passing from the old *Opera Seria* to Comedy, we make a rather abrupt but natural transition; for they flourished side by side and in almost equal vigor. To some of us, perhaps, the latter is more of a reality; and not a few readers for whom Metastasio is rather vague have a fairly distinct conception of Goldoni, the Menander of his century. And Quintilian's tribute to the Greek, *omnem vitam imaginem expressit*, would be quite as applicable to the Italian. That Goldoni's comedy grew out of the Comedy of Masks is a commonplace; but the history of the latter type is not clear in all its details. In some form or other it is as old as Italian civilization, or even a previous stage in Aryan development. A crude farce of buffoons and improvisations is an early device of the mimetic creature called man. And down the centuries from Oscan days to the present year, some form of this primitive play has existed in Italy. Passing over the earlier stages, we recall that during the unhappy days of the sixteenth century the Comedy of Masks saw a marked revival: "Laughter in misery, buffooneries to drown the recollection of ignominy; merriment to hide seditious sorrow, local satire to hide national satire, dialect to save Italian; at any rate, one means of satisfying that indestructible craving for fun in the Italian nature. Pantalone, Brighilla, Arlecchino, and Il Dottore were the four standard masks of the northern group. The terrible Pulcinella, the tempestuous Scaramuccia, the simpleton Tartaglia, the vagabondish Coviello, formed the equally representative southern types. With them were countless other buffoons, less generic and less abiding. These were the central figures in the *Commedia dell'Arte*, although other actors were necessary, even for the slight plots about which the all-important drolleries played in erratic scintillation. In the sixteenth century, companies of comedians were found everywhere in Italy; and in fact in many other parts of Western Europe. In 1577, for instance, we remember that a band of mask actors migrated to England, and exercised some considerable influence on English drama. In one sense, the old contention that 1600 marked the zenith of this comedy is right; for by this time it had reached its "most artistic shape and its highest polish." But there is as much truth in Vernon Lee's contention that the seventeenth century was its golden age; for it had a more vigorous, if less literary, life among the people. It was more itself, so to say, than

in its finer clothes. At any rate this was the thing that came to Goldoni's door and under his hands grew into the Realistic Comedy.

At first not only did the general framework remain unchanged, but the written text merely represented the old extemporized interplay of dialogue. The actors were the old "type" actors, who had played Harlequin, Pulcinella, and the rest. All was movement, retort, fun; "the scene changed as recklessly as the words." And in Goldoni's best period all of these original elements are perceptible; but his actors become diversified and ordered; his characters become coextensive with the life of his times; his plots become less filmy and more natural, until he elaborates the high type of comedy seen in "*Il Vero Amico*" and "*La Locandiera*."

Of the waves of hostility that dashed against our comedian; of his later years and laughter-moving memoirs; of Carlo Gozzi and the "Venetian Fairy Comedy," written in reaction against the Realistic Comedy, we may not treat. But we may point out that Vernon Lee has not given quite an adequate account of the various influences under which Goldoni's power was developed. In our modest opinion she is too cavalier in her attitude towards Molière; and she has practically neglected the Venetian's indebtedness to Plautus and Terence, not to mention Aristophanes. Goldoni added a scholar's training to his natural *vis comica*, and it is much easier to understand his career if we keep that fact in mind.

Compared with the chapters that suggested the foregoing thoughts, those on "The Arcadian Academy" are less important. But they are delightful, and properly come first in the book; for in our wanderings we do continually encounter these Arcadians. On a spring morning of 1692, fourteen men interested in letters were meeting in the Prati di Castello at Rome. "It seems to-day as if Arcadia were reviving for us," said one of them, and the omen was grasped. Fourteen pastoral names were assigned to those present, and the Arcadian Academy was constituted. It was ambitious: it was to be the literary arbiter of Italy and make a golden age of poetry. It became the vogue. Colonies were founded in every part of the peninsula from Venice to Naples; princes and senators mingled in this literary commonwealth. And all went well, despite internal disturbances, until it occurred to somebody that the thing was ridiculous, that Arcadia was a joke. Then it began to wane. In 1775 its glory was restored for a moment; but it was only a flutter. And in the destruc-



tive years of transition from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, Arcadia disappeared almost as the fabric of a dream. The first time I was in Rome one could find on the Janiculum a tiny villa, the old *Bosco Parrhasio*, quaint in its very desolation. Already it was practically forgotten, and the pictures of the immortal shepherds and shepherdesses had been removed to the Academy; by this time it has probably disappeared. And yet it once really represented literature in Italy.

The most hostile and fruitful criticisms of the volume have probably been written by Miss Paget herself, in the preface to the new edition. She says it must be full of presumptuousness and folly; that the eighteenth century was humdrum; that the enthusiasm of youth is full of piety, but also of ruthlessness; that her ignorance of music was pathetic; that she never distinguished between the novelist's plausibility and historic probability. And there is much truth in these strictures. Howbeit, she loves her book too well to change it; it is her dream, and for better or for worse shall be kept unmarred. Herein I think her instinct is right. Or, if she errs, it is with Stevenson and all other good lovers of life who will leave to each age its own heart. In addition to the imperfections emphasized by the author herself, any reader will note defects in style, some of them unpardonable; but the book could not be re-written after thirty years without losing something from the beauty of its wings, if not some of its real power of flight.

As one puts the volume aside, there arises the inevitable question: What sort of young person was this, who at the age of twenty wrote a book that is really valuable as well as a joy to the reader? Some explanation is to be found in her subjects and sources; for the *materiarum ingenium* is a very real thing. But this still leaves a decidedly large residuum to be explained by the personality of the author. In "The Eighteenth Century," and in some of her essays, we catch provoking glimpses of her earlier life and training, glimpses which make us hope that some day we shall be favored with a definitely autobiographical sketch of those youthful years, written in the fine vein discernible throughout her better writings.

The book is well printed, attractively arranged, and handsomely bound. The illustrations, selected by Dr. Guido Biagi of the Laurentian Library, Florence, are excellent, and contribute their share to the vividness that is perhaps the salient characteristic of the work.

F. B. R. HELLEMS.

#### LATTER-DAY NOVELISTS OF FRANCE.\*

It needs no literary Sherlock Holmes to discover a feminine hand in the volume entitled "French Novelists of To-day." Phraseology and details of perspective aside, a critic of the masculine gender would scarcely have classed Madame Favre de Coulevain,—the bewilderingly eclectic admirer of George Meredith and Marie Corelli, the anxious student of five-o'clock teas and of the exact boundaries of the *bourgeoisie*—with Anatole France and Paul Bourget, in a volume which presumably discusses the most considerable of the current French novelists. It is only justice to admit that the author's avowed object is somewhat different—namely, "to indicate what contemporary French novels are likely to interest English readers." But is it impertinence to remind the fair critic that novels more likely still to interest English readers are "Arsène Lupin" and "La Chambre Jaune," or certain volumes of dubious decency, and to suggest that she has attempted to pick those authors whose works *ought* to interest English readers rather than those that are likely to interest them? With the possible exception of the lady mentioned, the choice has been a good one for this purpose.

If Winifred Stephens is able to attract the general reading public's attention to the eight notable novelists whose names fill her table of contents, she will succeed in doing what has thus far been done only very imperfectly, at least in America. Pierre Loti is read here a little, and Paul Bourget a little. One story by Anatole France, "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," is known and loved; Marcel Prévost is attracting more attention in this country by his sociological theories than by his fiction; René Bazin is beginning to be known a little on this side of the water; Maurice Barrès and Edouard Rod are no more than names to the average American reader.

The volume carries as a motto the hopeful prophecy of Paul Sabatier: "Mysteriously and sadly, making many experiments and many mistakes as she goes, France is journeying toward a new ideal." It is difficult, however, to find a common ideal in the activities of the extremely varied eight before us; and if the author has found it, she has made no clear statement of her discovery. Anatole France is so subtle and ironical that no one can confidently brand him

\* FRENCH NOVELISTS OF TO-DAY. By Winifred Stephens. New York: John Lane Company.

as either pious or irreligious. He confesses himself a socialist, and rails at wealth and poverty. He is so far from a narrow nationalism that he stood next to Zola in the band of defenders of Dreyfus. Marcel Prévost is a dogmatist; he never writes a line without a moral object. In literary theory he is as extreme a romanticist as Anatole France is decided in his preference for classical traditions. It follows very naturally that his fluent and vigorous style is full of faults that his great contemporary would never have been guilty of. "The writers of the past," says Jules Lemaitre in discussing the writers of the present, "sometimes wrote weakly; they never wrote badly." Prévost is so far from the cheerful skepticism of the older writer that the fearful intensity of his interest in the preparation of "Les Vierges Fortes" resulted in a nervous breakdown. He is an ardent feminist, and is ready with theories and plans for the cure of every social evil. Paul Bourget, on the other hand, is, as the author neatly puts it, "the apostle of arrested development." An ardent Catholic for some years back, he places the world's salvation in blind submission to traditional authority. Bourgeois by birth and early associations, he shows a preference for the aristocracy that lays him open to the charge of snobbery. Maurice Barrès began his literary life as an individualist, but seems to be traveling toward collectivism; literary artist and lover of words for their own sake like Anatole France, ardent Catholic like Bourget, he professes a socialistic theory as earnest as the former's and a traditionalism almost as dogmatic as the latter's. Barrès is a furious militarist, and a relentless Jew-baiter; women are to him, for the most part, merely instruments for the bearing of children.

René Bazin, unlike all the others, is a wholesome, sweet-spirited optimist. He is careless of the existence of a feminist question. To him, a man is a human being and a woman another; and the favorite French theme of unlawful love plays little part in his cheerful stories of the soil. There is evil in the world, and he discusses it frankly; but he sees it more than compensated for by the host of kind and thoughtful ones who are always at hand to soothe and comfort; and he has no algebraic formulæ to conjure it with. He is not a mocker—even a genial one like France; he is very serious and very earnest in condemnation of the wrong; but, in Brunetière's happy phrase, "he never raises his voice"; he possesses the rare faculty of literary self-control.

Edouard Rod, the nondescript Swiss pessimist, is fond of denominating himself *un chercheur désintéressé*, which our critic somewhat unexpectedly translates as "a detached investigator." He refuses to ally himself with any school of thought. A Calvinist by birth, he has grown so enthusiastic in his admiration of the Catholic Church that the world has been waiting for him to follow the reactionaries into her bosom; but the prospect of his doing so grows less and less. He has shifted in views and method more frequently and decidedly perhaps than any other writer on our list. At first a crass naturalist of the school of Zola, he has developed into an exponent of the manner of writing which he names by the self-explanatory term "Intuitionism." His forte is the portrayal of the sort of violent passion which makes no appeal to Bazin. Religiously an agnostic, he has no patience with bigoted anti-religionists; profoundly moved by social problems of the day, he is as sure as is Bourget that the old ways are better.

Last of all comes Pierre Loti, unlettered and spontaneous as Anatole France is learned and artful; purposeless as Prévost is earnest, pagan as Bourget is Catholic; selfish as Edouard Rod is devoted; a lover of art for art's sake; the greatest of living impressionists. Where is the common ideal toward which this group is tending? They have not even the common trait of doctrinarianism which the critic who is somewhat barren of ideas may ordinarily attribute with safety to a Frenchman.

There is nothing for it but to consider this book a collection of eight distinct biographical studies; and very charming and suggestive little studies they are. Loti and Bazin the poets, Anatole France the curious scholar, Barrès and Bourget and Prévost the philosophers, are quoted, annotated, and catalogued, in a manner that is sane and thoroughly delightful. The picture of the young Loti, so filled with a longing for travel that "pictures of palm-trees and the very word 'colony' were enough to make him wildly excited" is a vivid one; and it is not easy to get away from the account of his first sight of the sea, which was to fill so much of his life with love, and fear, and sadness.

"He had gone with his parents to a village on the coast of Saintonge. On his first arrival he had not been able to catch a glimpse of the ocean, hidden behind sand-hills. But as soon as dinner was over, he could contain his curiosity no longer. He escaped alone, and in the darkening twilight made his way down a winding path through the sand-hills to the shore. There was a keenness and a bitterness in the air he had

never before experienced. He heard in the distance a dull sound, at once loud and indistinct. Suddenly there opened out before his gaze the ocean wrapped in the glow of the evening sky. Paralyzed with fear, he stood still, while this dark roaring mass seemed to come up from all directions. Of a dark green color, almost black it appeared, unstable, perfidious, engulfing."

The youth of Anatole France is described as sympathetically, although very differently; indeed, it was a very different sort of youth. As he himself says, in our present author's translation:

"At seven years old, I did not know how to read; I wore divided skirts; I cried when my nurse wiped my nose, and I was devoured by ambition. If I had been able I would have gone forth to win immortality on the battle-field; but a horse, a uniform, a regiment, enemies, were not for me. Therefore I thought of becoming a saint. The profession of saint has fewer requirements and wins greater renown than that of a soldier."

So he set about becoming a saint. But his attempts at fasting brought his mother down upon him with tonics and nostrums; the servant refused to allow him to imitate Stylites on the kitchen pump; his father pronounced him crazy when he emulated St. Nicholas of Patras by throwing his playthings and twelve new sous out of the study window, and unfeelingly thrashed him when he tried to manufacture a hair-shirt out of the cushions of the stuffed chairs. So he became sympathetic with the hermits who renounced all intercourse with their fellows and took up their abode in desert places; and he thought seriously of retiring to a secluded corner among the wild animals of the Jardin des Plantes.

The *doctrinaires* are not so amusing. I question if their work is as significant, even. It is possible that the gentle playfulness of "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" and the infinite sadness of "The Iceland Fisherman" will be remembered when all the *romans à thèse* are forgotten; and that it is not Bourget the traditionalist or Prévost the reformer whom succeeding generations will admire, but Bourget the consummate story-builder and Prévost the sympathetic student of female character.

"French Novelists of To-Day" is written for the "general reader." It presupposes very little knowledge of the subject, and each chapter is headed with a complete list of the works of the novelist, with dates. The author also gives the date of each writer's birth, with the exception of Pierre de Coulevain, who is a lady and hence exempt from chronological scrutiny.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

## HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

### I.

#### ILLUSTRATED ART BOOKS.

Those to whom "a tiny rivulet of text meandering between broad meadows of margin" signifies the acme of luxurious book-making will take much comfort in the sumptuous setting given to Mr. Otto H. Bacher's "With Whistler in Venice" (Century Co.). If, because of the large type and broad expanse of blank paper, these reminiscences seem to have less substance than when printed in the pages of the "Century Magazine," they have lost none of their entertaining quality, and exemplify once more the pertinency of the saying that personal recollections furnish a most agreeable form of literary dissipation. Especial interest attaches to these because they deal with a period in Whistler's life about which comparatively little is known. Bankrupt as a consequence of the famous lawsuit with Ruskin, he went to Venice toward the end of the year 1879, having accepted a commission to make a series of etchings for the Fine Arts Society of London. There Mr. Bacher first met him, and the friendship was formed that continued unbroken as long as Whistler lived. Many anecdotes are related of the days that Whistler spent in Venice. These picture "Jimmy" as an indefatigable worker, as the helpful and inspiring associate of a group of young artists of whom the narrator was one, and, in spite of his eccentricities and his dominant personality, as an ever-charming comrade and faithful friend. Incidentally they furnish considerable information about the methods employed by the master, which were often so peculiarly his own as to be inimitable. Bearing on this, an amusing tale is told of the Russian artist Wolkoff (otherwise Roussoff, as he is known in London), who ridiculed Whistler's pastels, declaring he could execute others that could not be distinguished from them. A wager followed; then a long delay which Wolkoff explained was caused by his inability to buy in Venice the brilliant pastels with which Whistler obtained his effects. He was then accorded an opportunity to select some pieces from Whistler's own box; but they proved no better, the brilliancy lying not in the materials, but in Whistler's use of them. The volume is embellished by reproductions of a number of the Venice series of etchings, and of several etchings by Mr. Bacher of views from the windows of the Casa Jankovitz, where Whistler roomed. Facsimiles are given of four letters written by him to Mr. Bacher. In one of these mention is made of Théodore Duret, the Parisian connoisseur, whose portrait is one of Whistler's masterpieces. Strange as it may seem, neither Mr. Bacher nor his publishers have been able to read the name, though it is plainly written; and in the text of the book it is printed "Ducet (?)." The good taste of including the letters of "Maud Whistler" is perhaps open to question; and in always making Whistler refer to himself by name there is an implied intimation that



this was his customary manner of speech, whereas the truth is that such an affectation was most unlike him. For printing Whistler's own version of the well-known goldfish story, the artist's friends owe Mr. Bacher a debt of gratitude. Even Mr. and Mrs. Pennell ascribe the exploit to Whistler himself. This ascription Mr. Bacher stigmatizes as a libel, and says the actual performer was a clever Frenchman, once Whistler's roommate in Paris.

The late Grant Allen, who had a mind so many-sided and keenly sensitive to life in all its aspects that he has been described as "naturalist, anthropologist, physicist, historian, poet, novelist, essayist, and critic," always contrived to invest his chosen topics with fresh interest by considering them from some novel point of view. One of his early efforts was an investigation into the physiology of aesthetics, upon which he published a treatise in 1877. He was not an art critic in the ordinary sense of the term, but being compelled by ill-health to spend many winters in a climate less rigorous than that of England he had abundant opportunities for visiting Italian and other art galleries and utilized them in studies for which his early work had been a preparation. The outcome of his observations was a series of papers in the "Pall Mall Gazette" and the "English Illustrated Magazine," which are now reprinted in a handsome volume with their original title, "Evolution in Italian Art" (A. Wessels Co.). These papers, left practically complete at the author's death, have been revised and brought up to date by Mr. J. W. Cruickshank, who supplies a useful historical introduction. The novelty of Mr. Allen's treatment of the subject is in "the conception of the individual composition as an organic type evolving along lines of its own." Taking up the principal themes of the Italian painters, such as the Marriage of the Virgin, the Visitation, the Madonna, the Adoration of the Magi, etc., he shows that each picture should be viewed as a variant upon a central type, and that "the variations themselves follow fixed laws of development." This applies also to the separate figures of saints that appear in many different compositions. The conditions under which the early Italian artists worked made the course of evolution peculiarly direct. The artists themselves were free agents only to a very limited extent, receiving as a rule commissions for some definite work, such as a Transfiguration, or a Madonna and Child attended by certain specified saints, it even being required in many cases that the treatment should closely follow the representation of the same subject in such and such a picture by another hand. That Mr. Allen has proved his contention must be admitted. Incidentally, by the exercise of the close analysis and comparative method employed in scientific research, he throws light upon various items that help to better understanding of the works of the primitive artists. His cogent argument is pleasant to read and by the aid of a large number of excellent illustrations is made easy to follow. Mr. Allen based his work on studies made in the Italian galleries during his many visits

to Italy, and the illustrations represent the masterpieces of those great collections.

A history of "British Water-Colour Painting," at once comprehensive, authoritative, and readable, is that of Mr. H. M. Cundall, published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. Fifty illustrations, beautifully reproduced in color by the best modern methods, both elucidate Mr. Cundall's descriptions and make of his book a sumptuous art volume. Mr. Cundall does not lay claim to any fresh discoveries, but his classification of the artists in water-color in eleven distinctive categories gives a new turn to the material; and his appendices, containing lists of members of five great British Societies of water-color artists, will be of great value to students. The arrangement is by groups, and in general is chronological. The first chapters are devoted to miniature painters and topographical draughtsmen, two branches of art little practised in the nineteenth century. Girtin, Turner, and Constable, forerunners of the English landscape painters, are discussed together in an interesting chapter. Another discusses "The Influence of Pre-Raphaelitism." Each Society is represented by a chapter, and "The Last Decade of the Nineteenth Century" speaks of Whistler, and, in a very general way, of the Impressionistic School. Sane and balanced judgment, and careful economy of space by judicious selection from a wide field are the best points about Mr. Cundall's method.

The high standard of excellence set in the earlier volumes of "The Art Galleries of Europe" series (L. C. Page & Co.) is fully maintained in "The Art of the Netherland Galleries," by Mr. David C. Preyer. Compelled by the nature of his material to adopt a method of treatment different from that followed in the rest of the series, the author, who is a Hollander by birth, has taken advantage of the circumstance that the great majority of the paintings in the galleries described are by Dutch artists, in order to present a complete history of Dutch art. Strange as it may seem, such a history has not before appeared in English, nor in Dutch in the same completeness. Comparatively little information concerning the early painters is available, as most of their works perished during the two decades of the Spanish war and the fanatical outburst in 1566 known as the "Image Storm." Even in the case of an artist so distinguished as Lukas van Leiden, only one easel picture was saved. But from the middle of the sixteenth century onward, the material is ample, and the list of artists who are represented in the galleries of their native land is a long one. Many of these men are known chiefly by their works, few biographical details concerning them having survived. Mr. Preyer's account of these lesser men, as well as of their more noted fellows, is written with intelligence and discrimination. The history is brought down to the present day, even the younger living artists being included in the purview. Following this section of the book, five chapters are devoted to "Walks through the Galleries." There is also a useful bibliography and

an index. The illustrations, which are reproduced in a pleasing sepia tone, in duogravure work of fine quality, are as distinguished in their way as is the text.

Accurate scholarship and painstaking workmanship are manifest throughout "A Short History of Engraving and Etching," by Mr. A. M. Hind of the British Museum, Department of Prints and Drawings. The scope of the book is unusually wide. The history of the art is traced from its earliest beginnings, and the course of its development is followed through all the countries of Europe, even present-day etchers and engravers being included in the survey. The views expressed are sound and conservative, and fairly represent the consensus of well-informed opinion. Considering the necessity for terse statement to keep the work within the limits of a single volume, the amount of information given is surprisingly large. Extended comment upon individual men is precluded, only the more eminent artists being treated with any fulness; but the inadequacy in this respect is more than offset by the extensive bibliographies and compendious indexes that are provided. The students and collectors for whose use, according to the title-page, the book has been prepared, will find these of great value. They occupy no less than a hundred and thirty-one of the book's four hundred and seventy-three pages, and are alike admirable in substance and arrangement. The "Classified List of Engravers" supplies data about more than twenty-five hundred members of the craft, grouped by countries. Following this is a "General Bibliography," which the author claims is more ample than any similar list attempted in any other publication. There is also an "Index of Engravers and Individual Bibliographies" which serves as a general index to the book. Coupled with the names of the engravers in this latter index are the titles of publications containing information concerning them and their works, a feature that will be appreciated by every student having occasion to consult the list. A considerable number of well-chosen illustrations add to the attractions of a most useful book, which is issued in this country by the Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy" by Mr. T. Francis Bumpus, the latest publication in the "Cathedral Series" (L. C. Page & Co.), might be described as an ornate hand-book, so closely does it combine the useful and the ornamental. An introductory chapter traces with unusual clearness the development of the cathedral from the Roman basilica. The remainder of the volume describes over one hundred cathedrals and churches, grouped according to location. A large mass of detail is condensed in the four hundred pages, for to comments on architecture, paintings, and mural decorations is added more or less of the history of buildings, architects, and bishops. Most of the technical matter is clear enough to be easily understood by the novice in art-study; and this is saying much for

a writer who deals in apses, pilasters, ambons, baldachinos, and such-like "ecclesiastical" material. To the ordinary reader, however, and to students not intending an early pilgrimage to these shrines, the more general comments will appeal with greater force; and these are many and valuable. The failure of Italian architects to master the Pointed Gothic, the prevalence of great unfenestrated wall spaces, the scarcity of stained glass, and other predominant features of Italian churches are logically accounted for. The book closes with a list of pictures and wall-paintings in the churches described, which will be a convenience to students. Over thirty photogravures are placed well for further elucidation of the text. The light covers with ecclesiastical designs in red and gold, elaborate cover linings, and marginal traceries of sacred emblems around the illustrations, give the volume a sumptuous churchly look.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. have inaugurated a remarkably attractive series of "Little Books on Art" with four volumes — "Enamels," by Mrs. Nelson Dawson; "Miniatures, Ancient and Modern," and "Jewelry," by Mr. Cyril Davenport; and "Book-plates," by Mr. Edward Almaek. Each volume is fully illustrated, the frontispiece being in color; and their small size and simple but attractive binding suggest their suitability as gifts for those whose interests centre in the artistic handicrafts. The text is necessarily general in scope, but it is in each case authoritative, comprehensive, and readable, — intended for amateurs in search of accurate information which is not too technical for the amateur understanding.

#### BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Lovers of Dr. van Dyke's books — and what reader of them is not a lover? — will rejoice that their number is increased by a record of the author's recent journey to Palestine. The volume is entitled "Out-of-doors in the Holy Land" (Scribner), and is bound uniformly with others by the same author. The conventionalized design of the cover suggests the "flowers of the field," and the unusually beautiful illustrations, in delicate pastel tints, are such as might adorn a much more expensive book. Dr. van Dyke has discovered that "Christianity is an out-of-doors religion," and journeys in the faith that "the shut-in shrines and altered memorials are less significant than what we find in the open, among the streets and on the surrounding hill-sides." His "impressions of travel in body and spirit" (his sub-title) are therefore not heavy with human creeds and contentions, but breathe the spirit of the land itself. His writing always combines poetry, religion, and the love of nature, and this threefold felicity could not be more appropriately displayed than in celebrating the birthplace of Christianity. From the "city that is lifted up" to the Sea of Galilee, "sleeping in still, forsaken beauty among the sheltering hills, and open to the cloudless sky which makes its water like a little heaven," his descriptions of

these long-loved places are at once refreshing and reverent. Psalm-like, unrhymed songs at the close of each chapter, beautiful enough to deserve publication as a book of poems, recall "The Welcome Tent," "The Distant Road," "The Unseen Altar," and other memories of the journey.

If we cannot quite apply the poet's words to Mr. Robert Hichens and say of him that he has seen the mystery hid under Egypt's pyramid, we can at least admit that he has potently felt that mystery in his recent re-visit to the "land of sand, and ruins, and gold," after an absence of fourteen years. In a large octavo, nothing short of luxurious in its appointments, entitled "Egypt and its Monuments" (The Century Co.), he writes of the pyramids and the sphinx, of the colossi of Memnon and the tombs of the kings, of Cairo and Karnak and Luxor and the Nile, with a rich accompaniment of full-page illustrations from the camera, and from the brush of Mr. Jules Guérin. The size of these illustrations, corresponding with the ample page and the large print, makes the book an impressive work of art. To be sure, the brilliant greens and yellows, reds and blues, of the reproduced paintings are a wide remove from nature and realism; but probably they express the spirit and the spell of the scene better than do the severely literal photographs that accompany them. Of the sixty pictures, twenty are of Mr. Guérin's execution and in his well-known style. The eighteen leisurely chapters of the volume have nothing suggestive of the guide-book about them. It is the fascination of the country, and not its hotels and routes of travel, that the author of "The Garden of Allah" has dwelt upon, and not a few of the thousands who now every year visit Egypt will find pleasure and stimulus in his pages.

With that genially serious attention to minute details, that humorous circumstantiality in treating the commonplace, which we have all come to know so well and to like (or dislike) so heartily in Mr. Howells, he has filled a substantial volume with his easily-flowing narrative of a Mediterranean vacation journey, naming his book "Roman Holidays and Others" (Harper). The first landing of his party was made at Madeira, whence they proceeded to Gibraltar, and then to Genoa, Naples, Rome, Leghorn, Pisa, Genoa again, and Monte Carlo. The style of the narrative—if it is necessary to indicate it at all—is well illustrated by the opening words of the second chapter: "There is nothing strikes the traveller in his approach to the rock of Gibraltar so much as its resemblance to the trade-mark of the Prudential Insurance Company. He cannot help feeling that the famous stronghold is pictorially a plagiarism from the advertisements of that institution." Mr. Howells says of the present-day Romans that they have "a republican simplicity of manner, and I liked this better in the shop people and work people than the civility overflowing into servility which one finds among the like folk, for instance, in England." The great number of half-tone illustrations, done in a pleasing brownish tint that suggests

etching, are a feature of the book, which in general appearance is uniform with Mr. Howells's other recent volumes of travel and comment.

"The motor-car has restored the romance of travel." Thus alluringly does Mrs. Edith Wharton begin her account of "A Motor-Flight through France" (Scribner). One may question the truth of her statement, feeling that a mad rush along dusty roads, past flying scenery and frightened peasants, has little of the "restored" charm of the old post-chaise. But the further one reads, the less he is inclined to dispute with Mrs. Wharton. Motoring may not strike the average person as a romantic means of transit, but she finds it so. It makes possible the quick transitions, the easy blotting out of non-essentials, in the fashion best suited to her impatient, restive, and luxury-loving temperament. It snatches her from a cathedral door, drops her before a château in the next village, blurs all impressions between save the few great moments, and leaves those distinct, etched on a background of flying clouds. It furnishes bird's-eye views, salient yet subtle pictures, simple because their complexity is too deep to do more than fascinate the eye of "the woman in the car." So, while most automobile tourists see nothing, Mrs. Wharton, with a mind extraordinarily alert, sees the gist of everything, and fully justifies her initial hypothesis. Her sketches appeared originally in the "Atlantic Monthly," of course without illustrations. In book form they are supplemented by a very generous allowance of excellent photographs, and the gain in readability is very great. Readers who enjoy style, readers who are fond of automobile riding, readers who are interested in rural France, whether for its art, its architecture, or its landscape, will enjoy Mrs. Wharton's book.

A sumptuous and—what is more—highly readable volume entitled "Florida Enchantments" has been written by Messrs. A. W. and Julian A. Dimock, and published with almost innumerable illustrations from photographs, by the Outing Publishing Co. The pictures, however, are not strictly numberless; there are 120 of them, all large plates to match the generous pages of the book. Accounts of crocodile-hunting, tarpon-fishing, canoeing in the surf, searching for wild honey (and finding it), crossing the everglades in a power boat, capturing a sea-cow, intercourse with the Seminoles, and other more or less thrilling adventures, fill the volume in a manner acceptable to the reader, adventurous or unadventurous. The book is not the inspiration of a moment. "Florida the Fascinating," writes one of the authors at the beginning, "cast the spell of her witchery upon me many years ago. I felt it then, I know it now. We were sailing, my family and I, up the lovely Hermosassa and approaching the little islet which sentinels the small bay that fronts on Tiger Tail Island, once the home of the famous Seminole, afterward the manor of the late David L. Yulee, and at the time of which I write, a realized Utopia." The annual migration to Florida



is at hand. The book would be an excellent one to read before going, or on the way, or even after arriving there.

The Chinese character is a veritable Chinese puzzle to us, and any contribution toward its solution is welcome. Mr. J. Macgowan, of the London Missionary Society, and author of previous works on China, has given us, in his "Sidelights on Chinese Life" (Lippincott), a series of informing and interesting chapters on such subjects as the family life of the people, child life, servants, amusements, the farmer, the mandarin, schools and school-masters and school-books, religious forces, the seamy side of Chinese life, and other matters of which he has intimate personal knowledge. The book is well made, has an outside wrapper of cloth, an agreeably flexible binding, and numerous illustrations—twelve of them in color, the others in the familiar but serviceable half-tone. The colored views, landscapes chiefly, are so gaudily tinted as to be caricatures of nature, unless nature's aspect in China is utterly unlike her appearance in western lands. In view of recent noteworthy occurrences in the Celestial Kingdom, and the prospect of still more noteworthy ones to follow, this authoritative account of conditions there prevailing should minister to a natural and legitimate curiosity on the part of readers.

A more readable book of travel than Mr. Clifton Johnson's "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast" (Macmillan) is not often published. Journeying with his camera from the Mexican to the Canadian frontier along the coast and as far inland as Arizona, Nevada, and Idaho, this experienced "highway and byway" traveller and author has contrived to encounter a good many interesting experiences, to see many unusual sights, and to meet and talk with a number of highly original and entertaining characters. As in other volumes of the series, he has described the rurally picturesque and typical, and has avoided the urbanly conventional and uninteresting. The difficulty of getting into close and unconventional contact with the people, he has admirably surmounted, and his book abounds in racy talk from the unspoiled rustics he has met. This abundance of conversation gives his pages a human interest and an inviting appearance not found in the ordinary book of travel. To make his chapters more serviceable to intending travellers over the same route, Mr. Johnson has continued his previous practice of appending to each a useful note of desirable information. The sixty-three full-page illustrations from the author's photographs are excellent; and the binding and type are all that one could ask for in such a work.

Much in the manner of her "Roma Beata" and "Two in Italy," Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott has given her impressions of "Sun and Shadow in Spain" (Little, Brown & Co.) in chapters that treat of Gibraltar, Seville, Cordova, Granada, Tangiers, Madrid, Toledo, the Carnival, the King's wedding, and various other interesting matters, all profusely illustrated with half-tones and colored drawings.

An abundance of conversation gives the pages an inviting appearance, while there is enough of serious attention to art and architecture and matters of historic interest to preserve the book from the charge of frivolity. It is pleasant to read, apropos of an incident illustrative of Spanish courtesy: "I think this could not happen outside of Spain, the most democratic of all countries. Here every man is equal, not merely in the law's eye, but — what's far more important — in his own eyes, and proves it by allowing no other man to show better manners than he." This speech is put into the mouth of one of the characters of the book. For promoting a more intimate understanding and a warmer friendship between Americans and Spaniards, this attractive picture of the land and its people is likely to do good service, besides affording considerable entertainment.

Picturesque Ireland is very agreeably presented, with pen and camera, in Mr. Plummer F. Jones's "Shamrock-Land" (Moffat, Yard & Co.), which has just enough of historical and statistical information to be useful without being tiresome, and a wealth of personal observation and experience that make excellent reading. The people, lively, emotional, keen of wit, receive sympathetic treatment at the author's hands, and on the whole appear to be light-hearted, kindly disposed to all the world, and living their lives with admirable heartiness. Of the gentler sex we read: "Perhaps no other women of the world have just that piquancy and vivacity of manner which characterizes the women of Ireland. There is an animation, a force of manner, a spontaneity of expression which makes them attractive in the extreme. One cannot come in contact with them without feeling that with the proper environments they might furnish the world a type of the perfect woman." In seeking places of interest and scenes of beauty, of course the author visited Lissoy (now better known as Auburn, Goldsmith's Deserted Village), the Lakes of Killarney, Blarney Castle, the Giant's Causeway, the Golden Vale of Tipperary, and other inviting districts. Of the sorrows of Ireland he refrains from speaking, nor do they seem to have obtruded themselves very painfully upon him. There is much more of the sunshine of the Celtic temperament than of its occasional gloom in this study of Pat and his Emerald Isle. The pictures are excellent, as is in fact the entire workmanship of the volume.

Between the English "trippers" and the travelling Americans, England is pretty well tourist-ridden; so that Mr. Henry C. Shelley's title for his book of sketches — "Untrodden English Ways" — provokes at once both interest and apprehension. Investigation proves the title, in some cases at least, unwarranted; surely Bath, the Poets' Corner at Westminster, and the graves of Thackeray and of George Eliot, are not unvisited by tourists. On the other hand, St. Ives and its artist colony, Inverary Castle, Hursley with its relics of John Keble, historic Witney, and many other spots described

by Mr. Shelley, are mere names to most travellers in England or to readers of books of English travel. Mr. Shelley's style is easy and readable, bespeaking intimate acquaintance both with the subject in hand and with the "untrodden ways" of English literature. Pictures in color and line from the work of Mr. H. C. Colby, and reproductions of photographs taken by the author, furnish a varied and beautiful adjunct to the text. (Little, Brown & Co.)

General interest in the preservation of Niagara Falls makes not untimely Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert's elaborate descriptive and historical work on "The Niagara River" (Putnam). By a reversal of what would seem to be the more natural method, he has, in his first six chapters, considered the Niagara of the present, with its problems and interests, while in his concluding six he dwells on the history of the region and some of its heroes. His sixth chapter, "A Century of Niagara Cranks," is an entertaining review of the many tight-rope-walking and cataract-shooting performances by which a raging thirst for fame has sought to assuage itself. Chapter V., on "Harnessing Niagara Falls," has an even greater interest—to the practical, utilitarian mind. The illustrations throughout are good, the winter scenes being especially beautiful. The ample page permits most effective work of this sort. In mechanical execution, as well as in literary style, the volume has decided merits.

#### STANDARD LITERATURE IN HOLIDAY FORM.

Thoreau's popularity as an author has greatly increased since he died in 1862 at the age of forty-four, with only two published books to his credit. Since then the publication of even his informal diaries, with all their imperfections of form and repetitions of thought, seems to indicate that the world can never have enough of that keen-witted Yankee dreamer of Concord. Emphatically worthy of this posthumous publication, however, was his "Cape Cod," which appeared in print three years after the writer's death and has gone through many editions. An unusually attractive reprint of the work, prefaced and fully illustrated by Mr. Clifton Johnson, is now issued by Crowell & Co. The illustrations, thirty-three in number, are from photographs taken at different points along the identical route travelled by Thoreau, and in the same month of October to which his descriptions mainly refer—although his book was the fruit of more than one pilgrimage over those shifting sands. So delightfully slow of progress, so sturdily tenacious of the tried and tested, are the good people of the Cape that we may safely assure ourselves that we are looking out, through Mr. Johnson's camera, on very much the same scenes as met Thoreau's shrewdly observant scrutiny half a century ago. The typography of this edition is large and clear, a luxury to failing eyes; and the binding is not only handsome, but strong and flexible.

The charm of "Marjorie Daw" was so irresistible when first she gleamed upon our sight—a lovely apparition sent to be a moment's ornament—that

the story was immediately translated into several foreign tongues and even enjoyed the honor of republication in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. That was a generation ago. Now, for the first time, and in suitable accompaniment to Aldrich's biography, his little masterpiece appears in a volume by itself (Houghton), with colored illustrations by Mr. John Cecil Clay. Heavy paper, wide margins, and very large type (great primer, or nearly that) combine to make a fairly large book out of the story—which, as some may recall, was first printed in "The Atlantic Monthly" for April, 1873. The drawings would be better without the splashes of color; but they help to a better conception of the characters, especially of the incorporeal heroine.

It is surprising how long it took for "Lorna Doone," first published in 1869, to struggle into anything like popularity. It had been on the market three years when a chance association or confusion of Lorna's name with that of the marquis who had lately wedded the much loved Princess Louise brought the book into general notice and caused it to be read. It had been rejected, as Blackmore himself has written, by all the magazines and by many publishers; yet as soon as the great reading public became aware of its existence, the demand for it kept the printing-presses busy. The author's account of the rise and prosperity of his masterpiece, as contained in his preface to the twentieth edition, is quoted in part by Mr. H. Snowden Ward in his fifty-page introduction to the "Doone-land edition," which is published in this country by the Harpers. Much has already been made known concerning this elaborate re-issue of the book,—its topographical and antiquarian and historical features, as supplied by the zealous editor's pen; and its equally elaborate pictorial embellishment, as furnished by the industrious Mrs. Ward's camera. It is hard to see how the work could have been better done. The numerous views, even the wide landscapes, have an admirable clearness and finish. The editor's lore will please the curious, and will be at least skimmed by the indifferent and careless. The exigencies of a one-volume edition have necessitated rather small type and a somewhat crowded page; otherwise the appearance of the book is excellent.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have anticipated the Poe centenary by issuing a sumptuous illustrated edition of the "Complete Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," with a critical introduction by Professor Charles F. Richardson, and pictures, reproduced in photogravure, as well as ornamental head-pieces and tail-pieces in line, by Mr. Frederick Simpson Coburn. Nothing could be worse than Poe badly illustrated; but those who know Mr. Coburn's style will feel no doubt of his competence. The simple, sensuous, mystical, yet picturesque quality of Poe's verse, its elegant aloofness, contrasted with its human thrill, are all suggested in the photogravures. The headings, symbolical or merely decorative, and a tasteful cover design in gold, carry out the effect of decoration.

A decidedly inviting edition of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," with an engraving of Joshua Reynolds's portrait of the author, and a great number of line drawings by Mr. T. H. Robinson, comes from the press of J. B. Lippincott Co. The little story, without the impertinence of an introduction, has been so treated by printer and illustrator that it spins its slender length through 442 pages (including those that are blank and those that contain pictures only). But it is meet that this leisurely stage-coach ramble through France and Italy should, in its telling, present no appearance of stress or hurry, or vulgar consideration of the value of economy, whether of time or space. The drawings are spirited, the print delightfully uncrowded and legible, and the binding is evidently designed for wear even more than for looks.

To the "Thumb-nail Series" of small but distinguished reprints The Century Co. has this year added two titles — Keats's "Odes, Sonnets, and Lyrics," with a preface by Edmund Clarence Stedman and a note by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder; and Emerson's essays on Power, Success, and Greatness, with an introductory appreciation, also by Mr. Gilder. Both volumes have portrait frontispieces, and embossed leather covers specially designed for them by Mrs. Blanche McManus Mansfield.

The newest volume in the "English Idylls" series, with a dainty binding and colored illustrations after designs by Mr. C. E. Brock, is Miss Austen's "Mansfield Park" (Dent-Dutton). This is the fourth of Miss Austen's novels to be reprinted in the series, for which their old-time humor, with its wide scope for the illustrator's art, makes them particularly well suited.

#### MISCELLANEOUS GIFT BOOKS.

It is dangerous to use superlatives about any particular holiday book, especially this year when the publishers have vied with one another, as it seems, to produce luxurious effects. But if not the most sumptuous, one of the most sumptuous and artistic publications of the season is "The Book of the Pearl" (Century Co.). The volume is royal quarto size, and the cover-design shows a net-work of gold filagree inset with pearls. The illustrations, of which there are over one hundred, are in photogravure, color, tint, and black-and-white. They include portraits of famous women wearing superb pearls, pictures of crown jewels, of notable stones, and of jewels with unusual settings or adapted to unusual uses, besides scenes from the pearl fisheries throughout the world. The text is the joint production of Dr. George Frederick Kunz and Dr. Charles Hugh Stevenson, one the gem expert of Tiffany & Co., the other a statistician of acknowledged authority. It touches upon every conceivable phase of the subject: the artistic uses of pearls in all ages; their pictorial values; all obtainable facts and many theories concerning their origin, growth, and structure; their commercial value; their mystical and medicinal properties; the proper way to preserve

their beauty; the history of the pearl-fishing industry in all parts of the world and its methods; the necessity of husbanding the natural resources for pearls and the possibilities of their artificial culture. In short, there is nothing to know about pearls that may not be found somewhere in the six hundred pages of "The Book of the Pearl." Encyclopædic in character, and representing an appalling amount of the most laborious research, the book is nevertheless thoroughly readable — a strong proof of the patience and genuine interest of the authors in their work. It would doubtless require a very strong interest in the subject to cause any reader to go through the whole book in sequence; but whatever the ground of his attraction to the pearl he can find much to elucidate it, and once having begun to read it is safe to say that he will not soon stop. The history of the pearl fisheries reads like a romance. The account of the supposedly mystical qualities of the queen of gems, from the first reference in the Atharvaveda, at least 2400 years ago, to the almost contemporary recommendation of pearls as a medicinal cure-all, by a native Indian prince, makes a fascinating chapter. Readers who do not care for mysticism may turn to the following chapter, a very practical account of the money-value of pearls. No more beautiful gift than this could be desired, either for lovers and owners of pearls, or for lovers of fine book-making.

An imposing quarto over which a lover of gardens might dream by day or night is entitled "Gardens Old and New," and is the third in the series called "The Country House and its Garden Environment" (Scribner). The work is, first of all, a gallery of garden views, and contains about four hundred half-tones from photographs by Mr. Charles Latham, many of them full-page in size and all of them fascinating in subject. The thirty gardens chosen for this royal noticing are either English or Welsh, and are situated between Newton Ferrers, Cornwall, and Bramham Park, Yorkshire. To make it possible for stay-at-homes to imagine truly the historic box-maze and ancient cedars of Wilton, the Italian terraces of Bowood, the immemorial yews of Gayhurst, the rose garden of Treworger, the gorgeous parterres of Holland House, the broad lawns across which rise the turrets of Hatfield, and many other scenes of delight, — this is what these pictures accomplish. The text, though subordinate, is not at all a mere sign-post. An introduction, presumably by the editor, Mr. H. Avray Tipping, records the characteristics of English gardens both humble and aristocratic from the time when Markham timidly suggested the separation of flowers and vegetables because "your Garden flowers shall suffer some disgrace if among them you intermingle Onions, Parsnips" etc., through the times when "Capability" Brown destroyed the beautiful past to make room for his "artificially natural serpentines," up to the present, with its encouraging harmony of nature and art. The chapters supply much information about the architecture of the houses and the history of the families who



occupy them, besides pointing out detailed beauties of the gardens which might otherwise escape observation. The volume is bound in dark blue cloth with elaborate Renaissance decorations in gilt, and forms a notable addition to garden literature.

In a lavishly illustrated quarto which he entitles "Historic Houses and their Gardens" (John Winston Co.), Mr. Charles Francis Osborne has brought together descriptions of over thirty of the world's most famous dwelling-places, from Tokio to Mount Vernon. A brief introduction by Mr. Frank Miles Day states some principles of garden architecture which are worth remembering. Mr. P. H. Ditchfield contributes six of the chapters, and some twenty writers furnish the others; so that the essays are interesting from variety of personal predilection and view-point as well as subject. A scholarly study of ancient Roman country houses, elucidated by many sketches, is supplied by Professor Hamlin of Columbia University, and an ingenious comparison of the mediæval and modern plans of the Taj Mahal gardens is made by Mr. Havell. National characteristics shown in landscape gardening are pointed out in chapters on Indian, Persian, and Mexican gardens—such, for example, as the pre-eminence of the Grand Moguls in "the art of planning and planting gardens in direct harmonious relation to the house, palace, or mausoleum to which they belonged." The descriptions are all brief, occupying much less space than the illustrations. Whether accidentally or not, it has come about that those of English places, Blenheim, Moor Park, Claydon, Stowe, and Warwick, are given almost wholly to the houses, their histories and occupants, while those of Italian and Spanish villas are chiefly concerned with the gardens. And no wonder these gardens monopolize attention! The only wonder is that people who could wander through such vistas as the pictures show, beside such fountains and parterres, and feast their eyes on such visions of distant mountain and valley, should ever have cared to build houses at all. Would anyone who found his feet on the hedged ramps of vine-clad terraces of the Villa Lante, or among the mosses and ferns of the Villa D'Este, where "man has created where Nature does not provide, but with Nature as his perception," ever care to enter even a palace in which "there are servants and furniture"? Yet when one comes to think of them, these lordly pleasure palaces all have their own beauty, ranging from the ornate harmony of the Spanish arcade and the airy lightness of the Indian pavilion to the gray solidity of the English keep. The book will bring travellers' joy, whether reminiscent or imaginary, to those who turn its pages.

A series of unusual distinction, both in subject-matter and as examples of artistic book-making, is "The New Mediæval Library" of Messrs. Duffield & Co. The series makes its advent this fall with five volumes. Its object is to offer reprints, in translation, of the choicest mediæval romances and other interesting works, especially those that are

little known to modern readers. The mediæval note is emphasized by the antique style of binding, in brown pigskin with metal clasps. The texts are clearly printed on pure linen paper, and illustrated with photogravure or wood-cut reproductions of the original illustrations contained in old editions of the work reprinted. But the mechanical perfection of the series is no more alluring than befits the delightful works chosen for reprint, and the fine and discriminating quality of the editorial work and the translation. "Of the Tumbler of Our Lady, and Other Miracles" has been translated from the Middle French, with a sympathetic introduction, by Miss Alice Kemp-Welch. Miss Kemp-Welch is also the translator of the fifteenth century French romance by Christine de Pisan, "The Book of the Duke of True Lovers." The ballads which occur in the old tale are translated in the original metres by Messrs. Laurence Binyon and Eric R. D. MacLagan. "The Chatelaine of Vergi," a thirteenth century romance, also translated by Miss Kemp-Welch, is short enough so that the original French text has been reprinted after the translation. Mr. L. Brandin furnishes a delightful introduction for this volume. "The Legend of the Holy Fina, Virgin of Santo Gimignano" is a thirteenth-century Italian legend chronicled by Fra Giovanni di Coppo. It is translated and furnished with preface and notes by Mr. M. Mansfield. Quaintest of all, perhaps, is "The Babees' Book: Mediæval Manners for the Young," done into modern English from Dr. Furnivall's texts by Miss Edith Rickert. These curious codes of good behavior form the intricate basis for the whole fabric of the mediæval romances, so that their intrinsic human interest is heightened by their relation to the social organization and the literature of their time. Each of these little books will be treasured by those who appreciate rare things, culled in literary by-paths and fittingly presented.

That Madame Mary King Waddington knows her Paris perfectly, we have already learned from her "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife." That she also knows her rural France almost as well is now made clear in a fresh book of very agreeable description and anecdote, entitled "Château and Country Life in France" (Scribner). Sojourns at various country places in different parts of France are described in the author's now well-known style; and illustrations, sketchy and suggestive rather than detailed and finished, help to place us amid the scenes and characters successively chosen for our entertainment. As a sample of the book's quality, this passing pen-portrait of the dowager Comtesse de Florian, at whose château on the outskirts of Valognes the writer was hospitably entertained, is good: "She does n't take much interest in the outside world, nor in anything that goes on in other countries, but is too polite to show that when she talks to me, for instance, who have knocked about so much. She doesn't understand the modern life, so *sans gêne* and agitated, and it is funny to hear her say, when talking of people she doesn't quite approve of, '*Ils ne*

*sont pas de notre monde.*" Speaking of the present Marquis de Lafayette, great-grandson of the famous Lafayette, she says: "There is something in perfectly well-bred French people of a certain class that one never sees in any other nationality. Such refinement and charm of manner—a great desire to put every one at their ease and to please the person with whom they are thrown for the moment." It is the human element in Mme. Waddington's book, rather than her references to architecture and landscape, that makes it especially enjoyable.

To Mr. Francis Gribble the love affairs of celebrated characters are extremely important and worthy of the minutest study and the most painstaking research. The follies of their unguarded moments shall not be suffered to lapse into charitable oblivion if he can help it. Having already given us the details of Madame de Staël's and of George Sand's unlicensed loves, he now selects still another French character for similar treatment. "Rousseau and the Women he Loved" (Scribner) is a substantial octavo of nearly five hundred pages, admirably printed, and adorned with two portraits of Jean-Jacques himself and with five of women to whom he felt sentimentally inclined. Justification for this new life in English of one whom Mr. John Morley (as we still like to call his lordship) has made the subject of an excellent biographical study, is sought for in the recent discovery and publication, by certain delvers in French archives and private papers, of many letters and other documents that throw new light on the philosopher's idiosyncrasies and demonstrate the palpable untruth of certain portions of his own autobiography. If one is interested in Rousseau's life—and who can help being more or less interested?—it is better to have the real facts than falsehoods; and so Mr. Gribble has rendered a not unuseful service.

The fresh-looking green covers of Mr. Stanton Davis Kirkham's "In the Open" (Elder) give promise of a spring-like quality in the book which the reading of it finds fulfilled. The author is quite capable of the more wintry acumen of scientific precision, as is proved by his remarkable account of a battle between red and black ants. But one feels that the scientific spirit is secondary with him and that his mood is first of all that of gentle responsiveness to Nature's "perpetual invitation." "To count among his friends the birds and flowers and trees" is his ambition. Through intimate companionship he reaches a power of delicate characterization unique even among trained nature-lovers. To his eye the beech in the winter woods is a "stripped athlete, every muscle and sinew in evidence"; the stones of a New England pasture "are almost as individual in appearance as men." To his ear "the brook seems as if inhabited by a number of spirits throughout its length, some whispering, some laughing, others singing." He feels in the forest "imperceptible calm, that stable equilibrium of the granite ledge and the great tree trunks"; and adds, "the

forest has its luxuries, and they consist, in a measure, of freedom from those things considered luxuries in the city." In the mountains, he says, "one would better wander alone, for in our deepest moments the mountains are company enough." His readers will often pay him the subtle compliment of exclaiming, "That is just what I have thought." The book has several dainty half-tone illustrations, and a beautiful frontispiece, after a painting by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, which fixes in color that vision never clearly enough seen in real life, a wedge of wild geese in full flight.

No city in America is richer in historic associations than Boston. Miss Mary Caroline Crawford, already known for her studies in New England history and antiquities, has prepared a work, full of zealous research and written in an agreeable style, on "St. Botolph's Town" (L. C. Page & Co.). It is especially the human and personal element that appeals to her in reviewing the past, and so she has given considerable space to Winthrop and Vane, to Samuel Sewall and the two Mathers, to Anne Hutchinson and Dorothy Quincy, and to other picturesque or otherwise interesting characters of that olden time. "History," she says in her preface, "seems to me worse than useless unless it illustrates the times of which it writes as those times affected the lives of its men and women. A book like this has no justification, to my mind, save as it makes us understand just a little better the part New England, in the person of its chief town, has played in the mighty drama of nations made up of thinking, feeling men and women." The many illustrations from old paintings and engravings reproduce the persons and places treated, and a map of 1722 strikingly demonstrates how little of the present city stands upon soil that was in existence when the waters were gathered together unto one place and the dry land appeared. The book is clearly printed on substantial paper of a creamy yellow tint, and the binding is appropriately decorated.

For moral uplift and sane optimism, Dr. Henry van Dyke's essays are of acknowledged excellence. In a little volume called "Counsels by the Way" (Crowell) are reprinted nine of his best productions of this sort, selected from the still smaller booklets that the same publishers have brought out in the last few years, and that have met with deserved favor. A prefatory note explains that "the little gift books containing single essays may still be had as formerly," but that requests for a single volume suitable for the library has induced the publishers to issue the present collection. The subject matter of the several essays is indicated by the titles,—"Pilgrims of the Sea," "Whither Bound?" "The Haven of Work," "The Haven of Character," "The Last Port," "The Poetry of the Psalms," "Joy and Power," "The Battle of Life," and "The Good Old Way." The book is well printed and of pleasing aspect.

"My Lady of the Fog" (Lippincott) is one of Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour's characteristically light

and whimsical romances. Beginning four or five years ago with "Kitty of the Roses," Mr. Barbour has written a novelette a year, each more original in plot and better finished than its predecessors. The "Lady of the Fog" is lost off the coast from Gloucester, and rescued by a stranger, who is, as it turns out, an employee in one of her mines in the West. And in the end the foreign count who has been looking for an heiress finds that he has to look further. Twelve illustrations in color, by Mr. Clarence F. Underwood, and dainty page borders, also in color, by Mr. Edward Stratton Holloway, make the story the prettiest possible sort of Christmas remembrance.

One cannot see the title of Miss Helen A. Clarke's recent volume, "Browning's England" (Baker & Taylor Co.) without thinking of Mr. Winter's "Shakespeare's England," and wondering if the new book is analogous to the old. As a matter of fact, there is scarcely any resemblance between the two, for Miss Clarke's is a book of literary criticism pure and simple. This is confined to poems which are at least partly English in inspiration — hence the title; and as their number is considerable and most of them are quoted entire, the volume is of appreciable size. Studies which furnish new and valuable material are made of such subjects as these: the poet's early adoration of Shelley and Keats; his feeling toward Wordsworth, and toward Shakespeare; the historical background of "Strafford," and the social aspect of "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon';" the relations which various Englishmen bear to some of the poems — Alfred Domett to "Waring," Bunyan to "Ned Bratts," and so forth. A charming portrait of Browning serves as frontispiece, and numerous illustrations recall the persons and places mentioned.

With "The Open Road," "The Friendly Town," and "The Gentlest Art," Mr. E. V. Lucas has achieved an enviable position as artistic compiler. This year he has edited "The Ladies' Pageant" (Macmillan), a collection, as delightful as the rest that he has made, of feminine portraits, real and fictitious. As usual, the captions for the various groups — "The Buds," "Daughters of Erin," "Wayside Flowers," "Good Company," "Saints," "The Blues," "Aunts and Grandmothers," "The Tyrants," and so on — give an individual quality to the small volume. The theme offers plenty of scope for variety, and there is no lack of that quality in Mr. Lucas's book, the selections in which are culled from all imaginable sources, both in prose and poetry.

The Roman villas, "asleep in lap of legends old," have been chosen by Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney for the latest volume in what might be called her romance-of-turrets-and-towers series. An earlier work of hers ("Romance of the Italian Villas") dealt with famous villas outside of Rome. Now her "Romance of Roman Villas" (Putnam) presents, with a generous embellishment of song and story, the historic villas of the sacred city itself, of the

Renaissance period. "Still unrivalled," she says in her introduction, "after the lapse of four centuries the villas of the great cardinals of the Renaissance retain their supremacy over their Italian sisters, not, as once, by reason of their prodigal magnificence, but in the appealing charm of their picturesque decay." Her book is a highly ornamented, profusely illustrated, handsomely printed volume of almost four hundred pages.

Maeterlinck's poetic drama, "Pelleas and Mélisande," appears in a new edition (Crowell) with pictures in color and half-tone. These are reproductions of photographs representing scenes from the Debussy opera on the same theme, as it was first presented in New York with Miss Mary Garden as Mélisande. The translation is that of Mr. Erving Winslow, and an introduction by Mr. Montrose J. Moses puts the reader in touch with Maeterlinck's point of view and with this particular example of his work, and explains the relation between it and Claude Debussy's music-drama. Colored page borders lend an additional decorative touch to the new edition.

Readers of "Life," "Puck," and "Judge" will recall the clever nonsense verses of Mr. Thomas Ybarra, often accompanied by Mr. Hy. Mayer's humorous drawings to give an added zest to their absurdities. Some of the verses have now been collected in a small volume entitled "Davy Jones's Yarns, and Other Salted Songs" (Holt). Davy Jones is a delicious caricature of the Ancient Mariner, with many mad adventures to relate. The Swiss Admiral, the Mince Pirates, the Cuban Revolution Bug, and the Icecreamberg, figure conspicuously in the five "Yarns." The "Salted Songs" are in similar vein, with a fantastic quality in their humor that is as unusual as it is delightful. The pictures, which are printed in two colors, are a distinct attraction.

A collection of brief essays on various things that make up the fascination of city life — beauty, human interest, fellowship, opportunities, holiday-making, the charms of a great past and a glorious future — written by Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson, appears from the press of Messrs. Paul Elder & Co. with the expressive title "The Call of the City." The book is beautifully printed on handmade, deckle-edged paper, with a photogravure frontispiece and a novel binding. Verses, selected with the same discrimination and originality that mark the style of the essays, appear as headings for the prose.

"The Christmas Book" (Griffith & Rowland Press), by Miss Jane A. Stewart, is full of information about the origin of the universal holiday, and its characteristic sports and observances in this land and many others. There are also two Christmas exercises for children and some suggestions for home-made Christmas gifts. Illustrations, some of them in color, decorative headings, gay end papers and cover design, add a Christmas touch to the appearance of a book that is full of the Christmas spirit.



## THE SEASON'S BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

The following is a list of all children's books published during the present season and received at the office of THE DIAL up to the time of going to press with this issue. The titles are classified in a general way, and brief descriptions of most of the books are given. It is believed that this list will commend itself to Holiday purchasers as a convenient and trustworthy guide to the juvenile books of 1908.

## STORIES FOR BOYS ESPECIALLY.

- Harry's Island.** By Ralph Henry Barbour. The story of the fun that Tom, Dick, Harriet, and Roy had camping on an island in the Hudson. Illustrated. Century Co. \$1.50.
- The New Boy.** By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Another "St. Timothy's" story, with a jolly, athletic Western boy for its hero. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.
- Mad Anthony's Young Scout.** By Everett T. Tomlinson. Sequel to "The Camp-Fire of Mad Anthony," with the same hero still undergoing many thrilling adventures. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.
- Jack Harvey's Adventures; or, The Rival Campers among the Oyster Pirates.** By Ruel Perley Smith. Jack Harvey is kidnapped by pirates, and rescued by Henry Burns, the Ellisons, and "Little Tim." Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.
- In Texas with Davy Crockett.** By Everett McNeill. A tale of adventure in the days when Texas won her independence from Mexico. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Good Sword Belgarde.** By A. C. Curtis. Belgarde is a famous old Crusader's sword, which comes into the possession of an English boy of the time of King John. Illustrated in color. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- The Boy Forty-niners.** By Everett McNeill. Two Ohio boys hear about the gold of California and go with the other "Forty-niners" in search of it. Illustrated. McClure Co. \$1.50.
- Three Years behind the Guns.** By "L. G. T." The hero ran away and enlisted just in time to have a share in the Battle of Manila Bay. Illustrated. Century Co. \$1.50.
- Pete, Cow Puncher.** By Joseph B. Ames. A faithful picture of a cowboy's life from the viewpoint of a "tenderfoot cow-puncher." Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.
- All among the Loggers.** By C. B. Burleigh. A boys' story of adventures in the lumber camps. Illustrated. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50.
- From Keel to Kite.** By Isabel Hornbrook. A sea story for boys, all about bank fishing and shipyard life. Illustrated. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50.
- Bob Knight's Diary with the Circus.** By Charlotte Curtis Smith. Bob Knight tells of his adventures with a travelling circus. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- Four Boys on the Mississippi.** By Everett J. Tomlinson. The third volume of a series describing the travels of four boys through America. Illustrated. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50.
- Reminiscences of a Ranchman.** By Edgar Beecher Bronson. The story of the author's adventures, first as cowboy, then as ranch owner and manager. Illustrated. McClure Co. \$1.50.
- The Trail of the Badger.** By Sidford F. Hamp. A story of the Colorado border thirty years ago. W. A. Wilde Co. \$1.50.
- In Ship and Prison: A Story of Five Years in the Continental Navy with Captain Samuel Tucker.** By William Pendleton Chipman. Illustrated. Salfeld Publishing Co. \$1.50.
- Wrecked on a Coral Island.** By Edwin J. Houston, Ph.D. Tells of what three boys and two men did and learnt on a coral island of the Southern Pacific. Illustrated. Griffith & Rowland Co. \$1.25.
- A Full-Back Afloat.** By A. T. Dudley. Seventh volume of the "Phillips Exeter Series." Illustrated. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.25.
- The Young Alaskans.** By Emerson Hough. Three Alaskan boys go on a fishing and hunting trip and are cast away in a dory on a lonely shore. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
- A West Point Cadet.** By Paul B. Malone. In his last year at West Point, Douglas Atwell wins football honors and a race, and helps to abolish hazing. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25.
- The Eagle's Badge.** By Holman Day. The eagle's badge is worn by the "Mayor" of the Maine woods, who has exciting times there among the log-drivers. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
- On the School Team.** By John Prescott Earl. The first of a boys' preparatory school series, in which athletics play a leading part. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25.
- A Sophomore Half-Back.** By T. Truxton Hare. The second story about Bob Walters, a college athlete. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25.
- The Boat Club Boys of Lakeport.** By Edward Stratemeyer. The Lakeport boys form a boat club and have many jolly times sailing and racing. Illustrated. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.25.

- In West Point Gray.** By Florence Kimball Russel. A second volume in "The Boys' Story of the Army" series. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.25.
- An Annapolis Youngster.** By Edward L. Beach. Cadet Robert Drake's second year at Annapolis includes an exciting cruise on a battleship. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25.
- Under the Great Bear.** By Kirk Munroe. A young mechanical engineer goes off to Labrador for an iron and copper company, his ship is wrecked by an iceberg, he is captured by Indians, and so on. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
- Jack the Young Explorer.** By George Bird Grinnell. A boy's experiences in the unknown Northwest. Illustrated. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.25.
- The Story of a Wireless Telegraph Boy.** By John Trowbridge. Alexis, the hero, is a Russian boy who sees from his country with his father and his teacher. The "wireless" plays an important part in the story. With frontispiece. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.
- The White Trail: A Story of the Early Days of Klondike.** By Alexander Macdonald. A strangely assorted band of pioneers force their way into the Klondike when the first news of its gold startles the world. Illustrated. H. M. Caldwell Co. \$1.25.
- Rivals and Chums.** By Kent Carr. A story of English public-school life for boys. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$1.25.
- How Canada Was Won: A Tale of Wolfe and Quebec.** By F. S. Brereton. The hero is captain of a band of scouts, and goes through many thrilling experiences at the time of the capture of Fort William Henry and Quebec. Illustrated. H. M. Caldwell Co. \$1.25.
- A United States Midshipman Afloat.** By Yates Stirling, Jr. Two Annapolis graduates are mixed up in a South American revolution, and have many exciting adventures. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25.
- Arizona Series.** By Edward S. Ellis. Comprising: Off the Reservation, or Caught in an Apache Raid; Trailing Geronimo, or Campaigning with Crook; The Round-up, or Geronimo's Last Raid. Stories of the stirring days of 1885. Illustrated. John C. Winston Co. Per vol., \$1.
- The Auto-Boys.** By James A. Braden. A story for boys, of automobiling, business, fun, and adventure. Salfeld Publishing Co. \$1.
- How Richard Won Out.** By Mary Knight Potter. Full of life and those sports which are most attractive to children. Illustrated. W. A. Wilde Co. 75 cts.
- The Phantom Auto.** By Edward S. Ellis. Illustrated. John C. Winston Co. 75 cts.
- Fire, Snow, and Water.** By Edward S. Ellis. John C. Winston Co. 75 cts.
- Two Stowaways.** By James Otis. A story of the fishing banks. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cts.
- The Galleon Treasure.** By Percy K. Fitzhugh. A stirring tale of adventure at sea. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cts.
- Adventures at Sea.** By T. H. Stevens, F. H. Converse, and others. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. 60 cts.
- The Pony Express.** By William L. Visscher. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co. 50 cts.

## STORIES FOR GIRLS ESPECIALLY.

- Sidney at College.** By Anna Chapin Ray. Sidney Stayre is now a freshman at Smith College, where she and her friends enjoy life to the full. Illustrated. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
- Six Girls Growing Older.** By Marion Ames Taggart. A sequel to "Six Girls and the Tea Room." Illustrated. W. A. Wilde Co. \$1.50.
- Princess Wiala.** By Sophie Swett. Peggy Piper, a little Maine girl, fell into a river, and many amazing things came of it. Illustrated. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
- The Wide Awake Girls.** By Katherine Ruth Ellis. A story of girls living in Wisconsin, Oregon, and Germany, all of whom belong to the girls' club of a popular magazine. Illustrated. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
- The Court-Harman Girls.** By L. T. Meade. Court-Harman is a run-down English estate, and the girls are twins who live there with their mother. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- The School Favourite.** By Laura T. Meade. A new story of school girl life by a popular writer. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.
- Betty Wales, B. A.** By Margaret Wardo. Betty and her college friends go abroad and have many queer adventures, beginning with the sight of a ghost in a Scotch castle. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25.
- Miss Betty of New York.** By Ellen Douglas Deland. Betty and her friend Chris are both lovable young people, who have some queer experiences in leaving New York for the country. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
- Wee Winkles at the Mountains.** By Gabrielle Jackson. A seven-year-old girl, with her pony, her dogs, rabbits, goat, and canary, camp for a summer in the mountains. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
- Cloilde.** By Margaret Bouvet. Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright. The story of a little French girl and her life in the gay capital of Louisiana. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

- Helen Grant, Graduate.** By Amanda M. Douglas. Helen Grant goes back to her college as a teacher, after having a little taste of romance. Illustrated. Lothrop, Lee, & Shepard Co. \$1.25.
- Peggy Owen.** By Lucy Foster Madison. The heroine is a little Quaker maiden in Revolutionary Philadelphia. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25.
- Irma in Italy.** By Helen Leah Reed. In this second "Irma" book, the little heroine goes to Europe. Illustrated. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.25.
- A Little Heroine of Illinois.** By Alice Turner Curtis. Edith Austin is a daring and patriotic little pioneer. Illustrated. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.25.
- The Turn of the Tide.** By Eleanor H. Porter. A sequel to "Cross Currents." Illustrated. W. A. Wilde Co. \$1.25.
- Little Miss Evangelina.** By Evelyn Raymond. Like her celebrated ancestor, this Evangelina lives in historic Grand Pre. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25.
- Heroines of a Schoolroom.** By Ursula Tannenfort. A school story for girls. Illustrated. John C. Winston Co. \$1.25.
- O-Heart-San.** By Helen Eggleston Haskell. The heroine is a little Japanese maid, who, although the daughter of a humble wood-carver, is famous throughout Tokio for her beauty. Illustrated and decorated in color. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.
- The Quist Flower.** By Clara Louise Burnham. The story of how a little girl "made up" a family quarrel. Illustrated in color. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.
- Dorothy Dainty's Gay Times.** By Amy Brooks. The seventh tale of Dorothy Dainty's doings. Illustrated. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.
- Carlota: A Story of the San Gabriel Mission.** By Frances Margaret Fox. Carlota is a little Spanish girl who lived in California before it was a part of the United States. Illustrated and decorated in color. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.
- Felicia.** By Elisabeth Lincoln Gould. Felicia is the new minister's daughter, who, at thirteen, manages the family. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.
- Little Sister Prue.** By Amy Brooks. First volume in a projected series by a popular writer of girls' stories. Illustrated. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.
- Little Maid Marian.** By Amy E. Blanchard. A story for little girls from eight to twelve. Illustrated. George W. Jacobs & Co. \$1.
- Grandpa's Little Girls at School.** By Alice Turner Curtis. A second book about the little Newman girls, telling how they ran away to escape school and how they found they liked it after all. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.
- Jeannie's Journal.** By Althea Randolph. A boarding-school story, told by means of the diary of its heroine. Illustrated. Bonnell, Silver & Co. \$1.

## STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS BOTH.

- The Adopting of Rosa Marie.** By Mrs. C. W. Rankin. A sequel to "Dandelion Cottage," telling of the fate and fortunes of a little Indian papoose. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.
- The Christmas-Makers' Club.** By Edith A. Sawyer. A story of Christmas fun and jollity, with a lesson, cleverly hidden, about bringing good cheer to others. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.
- Uncle Tom Andy Bill.** By Charles Major. Marvelous tales of adventure, told by a quaint old man. Illustrated. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Jack Lorimer's Holidays.** By Winn Standish. Lorimer and his friends spend the summer in camp. The girls of Millvale High share in the fun and the athletic events. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.
- The House of Prayer.** By Florence Converse. A mystical story of a little boy who saw angel visions. Illustrated in color, etc. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Browns at Mt. Hermon.** By "Panny." A new story by an old-time writer for young people. Illustrated. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50.
- The Fortunes of the Farrells.** By Jessie De Horne Valsey. The Farrells are put through a queer test before they get their fortune. Illustrated. George W. Jacobs & Co. \$1.50.
- Holly House and Ridges Row.** By May Baldwin. A tale of old and new London. Illustrated in color. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.
- The Kidnapped Campers.** By Flavia A. C. Canfield. Catching fish, snaring squirrels, exploring a cave, and hunting bears are some of the sports that the young campers enjoy most. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
- The Hero of Pigeon Camp.** By Martha James. Pigeon Camp is as jolly as ever, and the hero earns his title. Illustrated. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.
- Persis Putnam's Treasure.** By Myra Sawyer Hamlin. A new volume in the "Nan of Camp Chicopee" series, especially interesting to girls who like out-door life. Illustrated. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.25.
- The Street Singer.** By John T. McIntyre. By singing, "Chub" Foster supports himself and a younger friend, and helps the latter find his family. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25.
- The Millers and their New Home.** By Clara Dillingham Pierson. The fourth "Pencroft" book, in which the Millers move into the country. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.
- A Little Gipsy Lass.** By William Gordon Stables. The heroine, a little English girl, was stolen when a child, and brought up by a Gipsy comedian. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.
- The Tower Angel.** Translated from the German of Tony Schumacher by Mary E. Ireland. The "tower angel" is the beautiful daughter of a German church keeper. Illustrated. Salsfield Publishing Co. \$1.
- Pixy's Holiday Journey.** By George Lang; trans. by Mary E. Ireland. Pixy is a little dog, who with three German boys, takes an eventful summer trip through the country. Illustrated. Salsfield Publishing Co. \$1.

## HISTORY AND TRAVEL.

- The Chronicles of England, France, and Spain.** By Sir John Froissart. A condensed version of Froissart's romantic history, for young readers. Illustrated in color, etc. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.
- Boy and Ray in Canada.** By Mary W. Plummer. A new volume in a popular travel series for children. With map and illustrations. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.75 net.
- Journeys of the Kit-Kat Club in England.** By William E. A. Wilson. Four American boys and their tutor automobile through England, having a good time and picking up a great deal of entertaining information. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. \$2 net.
- The Story-Life of Lincoln.** By Wayne Whipple. A biography composed of five hundred true stories told by Abraham Lincoln and his friends. Illustrated. John C. Winston Co. \$1.75 net.
- Famous Indian Chiefs I Have Known.** By Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard. A noted Indian fighter's story of his experiences, friendly and hostile, with Indian braves. Illustrated. Century Co. \$1.50.
- Abraham Lincoln: The Boy and the Man.** By James Morgan. A simple dramatic life of the great War president. Illustrated. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- Famous Cavalry Leaders.** By Charles H. L. Johnston. Sketches of Attila the Hun, Bayard, Prince Rupert, Marshal Ney, Custer, Marion, Sheridan, and others. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.
- Daniel Boone: Back-woodsman.** By C. H. Forbes. "Keeps true" to historical facts, but tells the story of Boone's life in a way to fascinate all boys. Illustrated in color, etc. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.
- American Hero Stories, 1492-1865.** By Eva March Tappan. Stories of the men who made America. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.
- Peeps at the World.** By Ascut B. Hope. Glimpses of life in foreign lands, with numerous pictures in color by well-known artists. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- Life Stories for Young People.** Translated from the German by George P. Upton. New vols.: Marie Antoinette's Youth, by Heinrich von Lenk; Duke of Brittany, by Henriette Jeanrenaud; Arnold of Winkelried, by Gustav Höcker; Undine, by Baron de la Moite Fouqué. A. C. McClurg & Co. Per vol., 60 cts. net.
- The Story of Frederick the Great for Boys and Girls.** By Kate E. Carpenter. Illustrated from famous paintings. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.
- Little Cousin Series.** New vols.: Our Little Australian Cousin, by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet; Our Little Egyptian Cousin, by Blanche McManus; Our Little Grecian Cousin, by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. Each illustrated in color. L. C. Page & Co. Per vol., 60 cts.

## FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS.

- Christmas Every Day.** By William Dean Howells. A Christmas story, about a little girl and her father, and another little girl and a fairy—and Christmas. With illustrations and decorations in color. Harper & Brothers. \$1.75.
- The Book of Princes and Princesses.** By Mrs. Andrew Lang; edited by Andrew Lang. All the tales deal with historical characters. Illustrated in color, etc. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.60 net.
- The Elm-Tree Fairy Book.** By Clifton Johnson. The third volume of fairy tales that Mr. Johnson has edited, omitting all undesirable features. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.
- The Story of Sir Galahad.** By Mary Blackwell Sterling. A modernized version of the Holy Grail legend. Illustrated in color. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- Top o' the World: A Once-Upon-a-Time Tale.** By Mark E. Swan. Tells how a little girl went to fairyland in an airship. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- Stories of Persian Heroes.** By E. M. W. Buxton. Tales of brave deeds and high adventure. Illustrated and decorated. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
- Fairies—of Sorts.** By Mrs. Molesworth. Fairy-tales with real people in them as well as fairies, by a popular writer for young folks. Illustrated. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

**Brownie.** Verses by Florence Lopen; illustrated in color by Henry Miller. Tells of the visit of a little girl to a wonderful land of princesses, elves, and fairies, ruled over by a magnificent Fairy Queen. Saalfield Publishing Co. \$1.25.

**Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz.** By L. Frank Baum. The "Wonderful Wizard" here reappears for the first time since "The Wizard of Oz" was published. Illustrated in color. Reilly & Britton Co. \$1.25.

**The Land of Lost.** By Allen Ayraut Green. A new fairy book by the author of "The Good Fairy and the Bunnies." Illustrated in color. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.25.

**The Story of Grettir the Strong.** By Allen French. An old hero tale from the Norse sagas. Illustrated in color, etc. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

**The Flaming Sword, and Other Legends of the Earth and Sky.** By Edith Ogden Harrison; illustrated in color and decorated by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Quaint little tales of stars, birds, flowers, and so on, interwoven with some of the Bible stories. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25 net.

**A Child's Guide to Mythology.** By Helen A. Clarke. The author has for years written and lectured on the great myths. Illustrated. Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.25 net.

**Toodles of Treasure Town and Her Snow Man.** By Frederic Chapin. Toodles goes to Treasure Town in a fairy boat. Illustrated in color. Saalfield Publishing Co. \$1.50.

**Wonder Stories from the Mabinogion.** By Edward Brooks. Folk-tales of Wales, with knights, dragons, imprisoned maidens and much strange adventure. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25.

**King Time; or, The Mystical Land of the Hours.** By Percy K. Fitzhugh; illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. A little boy sitting in front of a tall clock, wondering where the hours go, falls asleep and dreams of Father Time, and the imps of the hours. Illustrated. H. M. Caldwell Co. \$1.25.

**Old Man Coyote: A Sheaf of Indian Legends.** By Clara K. Bayliss; illustrated in color by E. Warde Blaisdell. Old Man Coyote is a sort of Indian Brer Rabbit. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.

**The Fire-Fly's Lovers, and Other Fairy Tales of Old Japan.** By William E. Griffis; illustrated in color by native artists. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.

**The Moons of Balhanna.** By Mrs. M. E. M. Davis. Tells how some children in the French quarter of New Orleans entertained themselves in original ways. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.

**The Good Wolf.** By Frances Hodgson Burnett. A new fairy story by the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Illustrated in color, etc. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1 net.

**The Tortoise and the Geese, and Other Fables of Bldpal.** Retold by Maude B. Dutton; illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. Indian folk-tales and fables much like Aesop's, told in simple style. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.

**Fairy Tales from Folk Lore.** Compiled by Hershel Williams. A collection of fairy-tales from the early lore of different nations. Illustrated. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1 net.

**Garden Fairies.** By Samuel S. Piquin. A little child, playing in a garden, falls asleep under a tree, and meets all the fairies. Illustrated in color. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1 net.

**A Little Maid in Toyland.** By Adah Louise Sutton. Sally eats a piece of cake, shrinks to doll size, and visits Toyland. Illustrated in color. Saalfield Publishing Co. \$1.

**Bumbloties.** By Githa Sowerby; illustrated in color by Millicent Sowerby. A gay little fairy tale in verse, with gay pictures in Kate Greenaway style. Duffield & Co. 75 cts.

**Grandmother Goose Stories.** By John Howard Jewett. In four small volumes, each illustrated in color. Gay little verses and pictures, by the author of "The Bunny Stories." Small, Maynard & Co. Per vol., 75 cts.

**Every Child's Library.** Edited by Thomas Cartwright. First vol.: One for Wod and One for Lok; Sigurd the Dragon-Slayer; The Old, Old Myths of Greece and Rome; The Seven Champions of Christendom. Attractive, pocket-sized volumes, profusely illustrated in color and black-and-white. E. P. Dutton & Co. Per vol., 50 cts.

**The Spring Cleansing: As Told by "Queen Crosspatch."** By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated in color. Century Co. 80 cts.

**The Princess Winsome: A Fairy Play for Old and Young.** By Annie Fellows Johnston. With frontispiece. L. C. Page & Co. 35 cts.

#### NATURE AND OUT-DOOR LIFE.

**Black Bruin: The Biography of a Bear.** By Clarence Hawkes. Bruin was brought up as a tame bear, and when he finally ran away to the woods he didn't know how to behave. Illustrated. George W. Jacobs & Co. \$1.50.

**Rover the Farm Dog.** By Lily F. Wesselhoef. About two country children with a grandmeyer who knows a lot of good dog stories. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

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**Tales That Never Die.** By Maria Edgeworth; edited by Charles Welsh, with introduction by Charles Elliot Norton. A collection of old-fashioned stories that are always dear to children. Illustrated. H. M. Caldwell Co. \$1.25.

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**The Happy Chaps.** By Carolyn Wells; illustrated by Harrison Cady. The Happy Chaps are not brownies, elves, or fairies, but own cousins to them all. Century Co. \$1.50.

**In Peanut Land: Verses and Pictures.** By Eva Dean. The Peanut people and their adventures will amuse tiny readers. H. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.75.

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**Good-Night Stories.** By Mrs. Frank Sittig. Bed-time stories told to a little boy. Illustrated. Robert J. Crombie & Co.

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**The Christmas Letter; or, How Dorothy Vandevere and Her Family Spent Their Vacation.** Illustrated in color, etc. New York: Cupples & Leon Co.

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**The Little Mother Stories.** By John Howard Jewett. New vols.: Bunnies, Birds and Blossoms; Wild Rabb and His Bunnie Friends; Tame Bunnies and Wild; Toy Bearkins at School; Warriors Brave; A Day with the Gnomes. Each illustrated in color. E. P. Dutton & Co. Per vol., 50 cts.

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**The Doll's Story Book.** Edited by Mary I. Lovejoy. Illustrated. W. A. Wilde Co. 50 cts.

**Story Book Friends.** By Clara Murray. Illustrated in color. Little, Brown & Co. 50 cts.

**The Pig Brother.** By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co. 40 cts. net.

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**A Treasury of Verse for Little Children.** Compiled by M. G. Edgar; illustrated in color, etc., by Willy Pogany. Mr. Edgar has sought out the most charming songs of childhood from the best poets of England and America. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.50.

**The Boy's Book of Steamships.** By J. R. Howden. Tells all about steamboats of every kind and description. By the author of "The Boy's Book of Locomotives." Illustrated. McClure Co. \$2.

**Red Cap Adventures: The Second Series of Red Cap Tales Stolen from the Treasure Chest of the Wizard of the North.** By S. R. Crockett. Mr. Crockett does for Scott's Waverley Novels what the Lambs did for Shakespeare, retelling the most interesting parts in simple language. Illustrated in color. Macmillan Co. \$2 net.

**Harper's How to Understand Electrical Work.** By William H. Onken and Joseph B. Baker. A simple explanation of electric light, heat, power and traction. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. \$1.75.

**Photography for Young People.** By Todor Jenks. Explains all about taking pictures, from choosing a camera and a subject to developing and printing one's negatives. Illustrated. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50 net.

**The Children's Treasure Trove of Pearls.** Edited by Mary W. Tileston. Stories, largely taken from old books now out of print, for children from five to nine. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

**Fresh Posies.** By Abbie Farwell Brown. A companion volume to Miss Brown's "Pocketful of Posies"—verses for children that "grownups" will like to read, too. Illustrated in colors. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

**A Child's Guide to Pictures.** By Charles H. Caffin. The well-known art-critic explains in a simple way what makes a picture great, using as examples well-known pictures, many of which are shown in the illustrations. Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.25 net.

**Tales of Laughter.** Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Amusing tales chosen from Celtic, Indian, Russian, French, Japanese, and many other literatures. McClure Co. \$1.50.

**Letters from Colonial Children.** By Eva March Tappan. Imaginary letters written so as to show what sort of life the children had in Colonial days. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

**Christ Legends.** By Selma Lagerlof. A translation from the Swedish of the best of the many legends centering about the Savior. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.

**Uncle Sam's Business.** By H. Crittenden Marriott. Meant to show young readers how Uncle Sam serves his people and carries out their orders. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

**When the King Came.** By George Hodges. New edition of this life of Jesus, with illustrations from famous paintings. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

**Pictures Every Child Should Know: A Selection of the World's Art Masterpieces for Young People.** By Dolores Bacon. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.

**How It Is Done; or, Victories of the Engineer.** By Archibald Williams. How great engineering achievements in all parts of the world have been accomplished. Illustrated in color, etc. Thomas Nelson & Sons. \$1.25.

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**Home Occupations for Boys and Girls.** By Bertha Johnston. Practical suggestions for amusing and keeping busy children of all ages. George W. Jacobs & Co. 50 cts.

#### NOTES.

A revised edition of Miss Mary E. Lang's "Reading: A Manual for Teachers," is published by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. in their "Pedagogical Library."

The Macmillan Co. publish a new translation, by Sir Clements Markham, of that famous picaresque novel, "The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes." Considerable editorial apparatus goes with the translation, and there are numerous illustrations.

"The Origin and Early Development of the English Universities to the Close of the Thirteenth Century," by Mr. Ernest Vancourt Vaughn, is an important study in educational history, now published in the "Social Science Series" of the University of Missouri.

"Poems of New England" is a reissue, in a single volume, of that section of Longfellow's "Poems of Places" which relate to the New England country. The compilation is now thirty years old, but it is well worth bringing before the attention of the new generation. It is published, of course, by the Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Oliver Ditson Co. publish "Panzeron's A B C of Music," as revised and extended by Mr. N. Clifford Page. This little book is a primer of vocalization by a musician who died half a century ago, and it has long been favorably known as an elementary text. Its first American edition dates from 1846, and has had a wide circulation.

The first two volumes of a new "Readers' Library," published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., and edited by Messrs. W. J. and C. W. Dawson, are devoted to "The Great English Letter Writers," and give us a classified selection of examples from a wide range of authors. Considerable ingenuity has been exercised by the editors in bringing together letters from widely scattered sources under such suggestive and alluring categories

as "Tribulations of Genius," "Pocket Philosophies," "By-gone Lovers," and "The Artist and His Art." Future volumes in this attractive series are to be devoted to essayists, historians, nature-lovers, "accusers," and other interesting groups.

The "Dictionary of Quotations," compiled by Mr. Norman MacMunn, and published by Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co., is a small volume of "extracts old and new from writers of all ages"—too small a volume, in fact, to be of much use in running down any given quotation, although it may benefit the writer in search of an appropriate text for some discourse.

To reduce "Les Misérables" to text-book dimensions, allowing space for much editorial matter and a fairly complete vocabulary, means pruning of a rather merciless sort, and we are not sure that we consider the task worth undertaking. However, it has been performed by Dr. Douglas L. Buffum, and the work is now issued for school use by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

Three German texts just published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are the following: Moser's "Ultimo," edited by Professor Charles L. Crow; Moser's "Der Bibliothekar," edited by Professor Hollon A. Farr; and Frau von Ebner-Eschenbach's "Lotti, die Uhrmacherin," edited by Professor George H. Needler. The American Book Co. publish "Fritz auf Ferien," by the writer who calls herself "Hans Arnold," edited by Miss May Thomas.

Almost the last piece of literary work from the pen of the late Professor Charles Eliot Norton, if not quite the last, was the writing of an Introductory Note for a new edition of the famous stories of Maria Edgeworth, whose work Mr. Norton admired, believing that the pictures of good breeding and pleasant manners of their time cannot fail to have a helpful influence on the young people of to-day. The volume is edited by that veteran purveyor of children's literature, Mr. Charles Welsh, and is published by Messrs. H. M. Caldwell & Co. with the title "Tales That Never Die."

One of the most impressive peace documents ever prepared is Pastor Frenssen's story of "Peter Moor's Journey to Southwest Africa," which is a plain narrative, in the first person, of the experiences of a private soldier in the inglorious German campaign. It is the naked reality of warfare, not its blaze and glory, that confronts us in these pages, and no one can read them, we should think, without taking their lesson to heart. The translation, which is authorized, has been made with exceptional skill by Miss Margaret May Ward, and the little book is published by the Houghton Mifflin Co.

Herr Axel Olrik is one of the most learned and industrious modern students of the civilization and literature of the old Scandinavian peoples, and already has a dozen or more works to his credit. His latest book is a condensed account of "Nordisk Aandsliv i Vikingetid og Tidlig Middelalder." Beginning with the age of the myth-makers, this monograph carries the story of the Norseman's spiritual life down to the early Christian era and to the time of the folk-songs. The work is beautifully printed and illustrated. Herr Olrik has also issued a new edition of his selection of "Danske Folkeviser," with an extensive introduction and notes adequate to the purpose of the work, which is especially planned for the use of Danish schools. Both these publications come to us from the Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen and Chicago.

## TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

December, 1908.

Abnakee Rugs, Making of. Hellen R. Albee. *Craftsman*.  
 Adult Minor, Plea for the. K. F. Murray. *Atlantic*.  
 Alaska's Coal Resources. G. E. Mitchell. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Alaska's Railroad Development. F. H. Chase. *Rev. of Revs.*  
 American Aesthetic Activities. Gutson Borghem. *Craftsman*.  
 American Art, Louis H. Sullivan on. *Craftsman*.  
 American Fleet, Cruise of the—III. R. D. Evans. *Broadway*.  
 American Language, The. Brander Matthews. *Munsey*.  
 American Male, The Unconquered. Harrison Rhodes. *Bookman*.  
 American Music, Movement for. A. Farwell. *Review of Reviews*.  
 American Oberammergau, An. Harlan I. Smith. *Putnam*.  
 American Prima Donna, Rise of the. E. Lonergan. *Munsey*.  
 Author's Full Dinner Pail. Arthur B. Maurice. *Bookman*.  
 Barnard, George G., American Sculptor. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Barnard, George G., Sculptor. Katharine M. Root. *Craftsman*.  
 Bear Hunt, A Chromatic—conclusion. Rex Beach. *Everybody's*.  
 Belasco, What's the Matter with? *Broadway*.  
 Berlin: City of the Emperors. R. H. Schauflier. *Century*.  
 Berry Industrial School at Possum Trot, Ga. *Everybody's*.  
 Birds with a Handicap. H. K. Job. *Outing*.  
 Bulgaria: A Nation Reborn. A. D. Howden Smith. *Putnam*.  
 Calne, Hall, Autobiography of—IV. *Appleton*.  
 Centuries New and Old. Edward Fuller. *Bookman*.  
 Charity, The New View of. E. T. Devine. *Atlantic*.  
 Chicago Finding Herself—II. Ida M. Tarbell. *American*.  
 Children who Will Be Kings. Theodore Schwarz. *Munsey*.  
 Christmas at Mount Vernon, The First. G. Hunt. *Century*.  
 Christmas Cheer at Country Homes. E. Post. *Everybody's*.  
 Christmas Dinner on a Ranch, Theodore Roosevelt. *Everybody's*.  
 Christmas Giving, Proper Spirit of. Anne Hard. *Broadway*.  
 Christmas Memories of My Denmark Home. J. A. Rila. *Century*.  
 Christmas Plans Tested. L. A. Smith. *World's Work*.  
 Christmas Presents. *Appleton*.  
 Christmas Reflections. Samuel M. Crothers. *Atlantic*.  
 Churchill's Challenge in "Mr. Crewe's Career." *Appleton*.  
 Civic Righteousness via Percentages. R. L. Bridgman. *Atlantic*.  
 College Woman, The. Margaret F. Coughlin. *Appleton*.  
 Corn Exposition, National. W. A. Campbell. *Rev. of Reviews*.  
 Corporation Shareholders in America. F. Fayant. *Appleton*.  
 Damascus, A Day's Adventures in. Norman Duncan. *Harper*.  
 Dramatic Reminiscences. Montgomery Schuyler. *Bookman*.  
 Ducks.—When they Begin to Fly. H. D. Trierper, Jr. *Outing*.  
 Election, Lesson of the. *Craftsman*.  
 Europe.—As It Sees Us. Emily J. Putnam. *Putnam*.  
 Farm, New Spirit of the. Agnes C. Laut. *Outing*.  
 Ferrero, Guglielmo: Greek Historian. S. Aleramo. *Putnam*.  
 Fire Protection, High-Pressure. H. T. Wade. *Rev. of Reviews*.  
 Florida Winter Garden, My. E. P. Powell. *Outing*.  
 Foraker of Ohio. Sloane Gordon. *Broadway*.  
 Forest Fires. Forbes Lindsay. *Craftsman*.  
 Furnace Problem, The. Eugene Wood. *Everybody's*.  
 Genius, Prodigies of. Lyndon Orr. *Munsey*.  
 Ghosts. Frank Crane. *Atlantic*.  
 Giving, The Difficult Art of. John D. Rockefeller. *World's Work*.  
 Grenfell of Labrador. P. T. McGrath. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Heredity, Applied. R. C. Punnett. *Harper*.  
 "Herr Kapellmeister" of Yesterday and To-day. *Atlantic*.  
 Herrick, Robert. Frederic T. Cooper. *Bookman*.  
 Higher Education, Organization of. H. S. Pritchett. *Atlantic*.  
 Hain Kiang: "New" Chinese Province. E. Huntington. *Harper*.  
 Investors, When Caution Pays. *World's Work*.  
 Italian Affairs in Last Two Years. Homer Edmiston. *Atlantic*.  
 Jack Tar Ashore. Harris M. Lyon. *Appleton*.  
 Japanese, A Western View of the. W. T. Prosser. *World's Work*.  
 Juvenile Book World, A Glance at the. *Bookman*.  
 Legends of the City of Mexico. T. A. Janvier. *Harper*.  
 Life Insurance Policy Holders, Two "Don't's" for. *World's Work*.  
 Literary Light, A New. "Mr. Dooley" on. *American*.  
 Man who Gave Himself. A. *World's Work*.  
 Men, Moulding of. A. L. Benedict. *Lippincott*.  
 Milton and Keats. *Century*.  
 Milton Tercentenary, The. Wilfred Whitten. *Putnam*.  
 Mind-Curing, a Rate-Maker. W. G. Eggleston. *American*.  
 Monarchies: Why they Endure. W. T. Stead. *Appleton*.  
 Muscular Work, Appetite and Energy. G. E. Flint. *Outing*.  
 Napoleon the Less. Harry T. Peck. *Bookman*.  
 Nevada Town with a Past. A. C. Johnson. *Outing*.  
 New York's Budget Exhibit. W. H. Allen. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Nonagenarian Peers. H. J. Markland. *Munsey*.  
 Noorian, Zado, Craftsmanship of. *Craftsman*.  
 Novelist in Politics. A. S. Johnson. *World's Work*.  
 Old Age Pensions. Charles E. Russell. *Broadway*.  
 Orient, Our Opportunity in the. J. E. Burks. *World's Work*.

Painters of the New Salon, Leading. C. H. Caffin. *Harper*.  
 Panama and the Canal-Builders. Hugh C. Weir. *Putnam*.  
 Peru, River Adventuring In. W. T. Burres. *Outing*.  
 Phillips, Stephen, Tragedy Writer. F. B. R. Hellems. *Atlantic*.  
 Plain Folk, Outlook for. E. A. Ross. *Everybody's*.  
 Poe, The Fame of. John Macy. *Atlantic*.  
 Poetry, Modern Minor. Mary K. Ford. *Bookman*.  
 Quebec: Britain's French Empire. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Races in the United States. William Z. Ripley. *Atlantic*.  
 Railroad, Lions that Stopped a. J. H. Patterson. *World's Work*.  
 Religion and Science. Charles F. Aked. *Appleton*.  
 Russian Folk-Tales in Pictures for Czar's Children. *Craftsman*.  
 Salaries and Wages, Loans on. S. M. Lindsay. *Rev. of Review*.  
 Sardou, The Personal. Stuart Henry. *Bookman*.  
 Siege of Vicksburg, Reminiscences of. W. W. Lord, Jr. *Harper*.  
 Silver Fox, Study of a—I. Ernest T. Seton. *Century*.  
 Ski-Running. Herbert H. D. Peirce. *Munsey*.  
 Snow, Reading the. Raymond S. Spears. *Atlantic*.  
 Spiritual Unrest—L., Einanuel Movement. *American*.  
 Spooks and Telepathy. G. Stanley Hall. *Appleton*.  
 Sportsmen of Tradition. G. Hibbard. *Outing*.  
 Stage, The, and Morals. W. D. Wegeth. *Lippincott*.  
 Sunday Recreation. Caspar Whitney. *Outing*.  
 Sunday School around the World. E. A. Forbes. *World's Work*.  
 Tariff, Views upon the. Andrew Carnegie. *Century*.  
 Torio, Jano: Seer of Atami. Richard Barry. *Broadway*.  
 Travel by Sea: How it is Made Safer than Land. *World's Work*.  
 Ullman, Paul: Portrait Painter. K. E. Chapman. *Craftsman*.  
 Valley Quail: Liveliest of Birds. T. S. Van Dyke. *Outing*.  
 Waterfall to Haul Mountain Trains. A. *World's Work*.  
 Wealth, The Right View of. Andrew Carnegie. *World's Work*.  
 Whale-Hunting To-day. Roy C. Andrews. *World's Work*.  
 Woman, The Mind of. W. I. Thomas. *American*.  
 Woman's Art Achievement, Quality of. G. Edgerton. *Craftsman*.  
 Women who Work—II. Wm. Hard and R. C. Dorr. *Everybody's*.  
 Work, Study, and Play for Every Child. *Craftsman*.  
 Yankee Ship at Guam, The First. R. D. Paine. *Outing*.  
 Zionism. Herbert N. Casson. *Broadway*.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 172 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

#### HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS.

- Egypt and Its Monuments.** By Robert Hichens; illus. in color by Jules Guerin and with photographs. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 272. *Century Co.* \$6. net.
- The Flowers and Gardens of Japan.** Painted by Ella Du Cane; described by Florence Du Cane. Large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 248. *Macmillan Co.* \$6. net.
- Modern Art: Being a Contribution to a New System of Aesthetics.** By Julius Meier-Graeffe; trans. from the German by Florence Simmonds and George W. Chrystal. In 2 vols., illus., 4to, gilt top. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$10.50 net.
- The House Dignified: Its Design, Arrangement and Decoration.** By Lillie Hamilton French. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 187. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6. net.
- Old World Travel Series: First vols.: Along the Riviéras of France and Italy, written and illus. in color by Gordon Home; Venetia and Northern Italy, by Cecil Headlam, illus. in color, by Gordon Home. Each 8vo, gilt top, uncut. Macmillan Co. Per vol., \$2.50 net.**
- Sun and Shadow in Spain.** By Maud Howe. Illus. in color, etc., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 410. Little, Brown, & Co. \$3. net.
- Roman Holidays and Others.** By W. D. Howells. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 303. Harper & Brothers. \$3. net.
- The Niagara River.** By Archer Butler Hulbert. Illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 319. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.50 net.
- The Rhine.** By H. J. Mackinder; illus. in color by Mrs. James Jardine. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 383. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50 net.
- The Greater Abbeys of England.** By Francis A. Gasquet; illus. in color by Warwick Goble. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 378. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50 net.
- A Canyon Voyage: The Narrative of the Second Powell Expedition down the Green-Colorado River from Wyoming and the Explorations on Land in the years 1871 and 1872. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. Illus. in color, etc., and with maps; 8vo, gilt top, pp. 277. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.**
- Untrodden English Ways.** By Henry C. Shelley. Illus. in color, etc., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 341. Little, Brown & Co. \$3. net.

(Continued on next page)

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